

"LITTLE EGYPT" DANCES THE COUCHEE-COUCHEE

THE NATIONAL
POLICE GAZETTE
THE LEADING ILLUSTRATED SPORTING JOURNAL IN THE WORLD.

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RICHARD K. FOX,
Editor and Proprietor.

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DROPPED OVER THE GARDEN WALL.
HOW TWO GIRLS ESCAPED FROM THE HOUSE OF GOOD SHEPHERD, AT CHICAGO, ILL.



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RICHARD K. FOX.

NEXT WEEK!

READ ABOUT

KATE LEARY, THE SWELL MOBSWOMAN.

She was one of the nerviest women in the
business, and assisted in more
jail escapes than any wo-
man ever known.

THE couchee couchee will become popular—
if the police can be kept out of the way.

THE POLICE GAZETTE of to-day is the most
interesting sensational and the most ac-
curate sporting paper published.

SPICY sensational stories from the tender-
loin of every prominent city in the United
States will be published in the POLICE GAZETTE
during the coming year.

IF you are interested in the lives of famous
crooks you will want the POLICE GAZETTE.
It will treat the subject in a most interesting
manner, and nothing that is of interest will be
left untold.

THE couchee-couchee dance that "Little
Egypt" did at a swell dinner recently has
become the sensation of the day, and it seems
as though there was a hot time coming for
some one.

THE English edition of the POLICE GAZETTE
has achieved a success rarely equalled in
the newspaper world, and it is gratifying to
note that it is to-day as solidly established as
any weekly in England. Its circulation has
been steadily advancing week by week, which
shows that there is a demand on the part of the
British public for an honest sporting and sen-
sational paper.

ONE of the many features that recommend
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facility with which international matches are
arranged by cable through the two offices.
Managers of clubs on both sides of the Atlan-
tic desirous of arranging sporting events are
invited to avail themselves of our cable ser-
vice without charge. The leading sportsmen
of both countries are daily visitors to our
offices, and no delay is occasioned getting in
touch with them when business is involved.

MARIE DRESSLER TAKES A TUMBLE.

The Ground and Lofty Tumbling Cachuca With Dan Daly Proves
Too Stiff a Game for Her in Kansas City.

MISS PEARL INMAN HAD A HOLE IN HER TIGHTS.

While She Was Doing a Dancing Turn in Tony Pastor's Theatre She Met With a
Peculiar Accident that Interested the Audience.

It might be called devotion to art in the
shape of ground and lofty tumbling, or it might be called
anything you please, but it has done the business, and
Marie Dressler, who is really one of the cleverest
women on the farce-comedy stage to-day, is laid up in
Kansas City as a result of it. The "it" referred to is the
cachuca dance she has been doing with long Dan Daly.
Anybody who has ever seen Dan knows that he is no
featherweight, and the way he has been throwing his
six feet three inches at Marie has been the cause of the
refusal of three life insurance companies to take risks on him.

This dance begins at the conclusion of a song, where
Miss Dressler alluringly invites Daly to the fatal waltz. It seems harm-
less at its commencement, but be-
fore many revolutions are made the
Sandowesque "Flo" gets a neck hold
on the yielding Daniel, and before
he can figure out whether Li Hung
Chang is a Chinaman or a Tartar
he is sent spinning across fifteen
feet of space and lands with a dull,
disheartening thud. It is then that
he realizes for the first time the ex-

"Shamus O'Brien," a romantic Irish opera
in three acts, which has been the sensation of London and
Great Britain for the past year, had its first American
production at the Broadway Theatre on Tuesday even-
ing, Jan. 5, under the direction of Messrs. Cowdery and
Duff. "Shamus O'Brien" was
produced at the Opera Comique,
in London, under the
direction of
Sir Augustus
Harris, and im-
mediately
achieved a most
successful hit.
The book is by
George H. Jes-
sup and the mu-



MARIE DRESSLER'S CACHUCA.
But She Did It Once Too Often, and
Now She's Ill in Kansas City.

quisite appropri-
ateness of the fol-
lowing verse,
which preceded
this cyclonic
dance:

Now this beautiful
maiden elastic
At times got a bit
too gymnastic,
And effected the re-
gion called gastic;
She revolved like
a mirror fantastic.
It was up in a
town called Toledo,
That she put
too much steam
on her speed, O,
And went off like
a giant torpedo
And she don't
dance now.

But Daniel is
not easily dis-
couraged, and
"although slightly disfigured,
he is still in the ring," and in a
few seconds he is up and at
her again, a little groggy, it is
true, but still bent on finish-
ing the cachuca. Daly makes
four of these excursions
through the air at each per-
formance, and Miss Dressler
furnishes the motive power.
The dance finally concludes
with the climax, where she
picks the groggy fellow up, supports him on her hip
and walks off with him, while the audience is con-
vulsed with laughter. It is a startling and unique dance, to
say the least, and one which made a hit in New York
last season.

Once too often she did the dance for the pork-packers
and now the acrobatic dance is cut out and some of the
physicians are of the opinion that she will never dance
again. As for Dan Daly, he is all broke up over his
theatrical partner's hard luck.

During the progress of a dance at Tony
Pastor's Theatre the other night, a nail in Pearl
Inman's shoe tore a hole in her stocking just midway
between heel and knee. It was only a tiny rip at first,
but as she danced and exercised the muscles, the rip
became a gaping orifice. Nature has dealt lavishly
with Pearl in the matter of limb development, and the
tension on her stocking just at the torn place was evi-
dently tremendous. The spectators lost all interest in
her dance. Every eye was riveted upon that tear, and
as it increased in size the excitement redoubled. Pearl
tried to look unconscious of the mishap, but the titters
which began at the inception of the tear ended in a roar
as the dancer, with one leg flying signals of distress,
backed off the stage.

A GEM OF FICTION.

"Pauline's Career," by the famous Zola. No. 5 of
FOX'S SENSATIONAL SERIES, with 140 illustrations
drawn by French artists. Sent by mail to any
address, securely wrapped, on receipt of price, 50 cents, by
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known on the Rialto that young Lowell Brown, who
never missed a performance of "Excelsior" during its
long season at Olympia, and who was to have married
Miss Irene Perry this month, died very suddenly of
pneumonia about four weeks ago.

Jennie Reynolds, the talented wife of Mark
Murphy, the "funny little man," is a Cincinnati girl,
and is proud of it. When she was quite young, not yet
in her teens, she made her debut at the Peoples Theatre,
which was at that time having "amateur nights" on
Friday. She was then called by her friends Dot
Reynolds, and they all told her they would be on hand
with plenty of flowers. "Dot" received a hearty encore
for her song, and she looked all around to see where
the promised floral tributes were. Not seeing any, she
stepped to the footlights and said to the lamented
Adam Weber, who was then the leader:

"Say, Mr. Weber, have you seen any flowers around
here for me?"
It was a hit.

And now Maxine Elliott, the beautiful lead-
ing lady of Nat Goodwin's company, has been robbed.
The "touch" took place in an Omaha hotel and was to
the extent of \$125. She got a two-line "adv" out of it.

Fanny Davenport is fond of collecting
precious stones of every description. Her ownings of
diamonds and other rare valuable stones at the present
time are said to represent more money than those of
any single individual in this country, and infinitely
more than the combined collection of Sarah Bernhardt
and Mrs. Langtry. Little Corinne, who is quite a big
Corinne now, has a couple of pecks of diamonds
which were bought by Mrs. Kimball before she died.
Corinne doesn't care very much for them, so she has a
maid to lug them about from place to place.

Attalie Claire Kayne is about to return to the
stage—that is, if she can secure the engagement she de-
sires. Hearing that J. T. Cowdrey was about to launch
a new opera, Mrs. Kayne presented herself at his office
as an applicant for the principal role. She visited his
office accompanied by her
husband, who looked as
though he did not altogeth-
er relish the idea of his
wife's returning to the foot-
lights. Miss Claire that
was came into some noto-
riety a few years ago by
incurring the jealousy of
Lillian Russell, who
thought her sister actress
was making too great a hit
in "La Cigale." Soon after
the episode Miss Claire be-
came Mrs. Kayne, and has
spent much of her time
abroad since then.

They say that the
new sensation which Clary
Fitzgerald has offered New
York theatre-goers is a
most shocking one, but as Gothamites like
to be shocked Clary will be all right.

When she started her recent engagement
at Koster & Bial's she startled the audience
by appearing in a costume so radically
different from the one in which she made
her American debut as to cause com-
ment. It consisted of black silk tights with
a flaming red trunk, and when the dancer
pivoted and the skirts swung around
on a level with her waist it left no doubt as
to the extent of her costume.

And now comes the climax. Her new
costume, which was imported from Paris,
where it was made to her order, includes
the most original and strikingly startling

pair of tights that New York Jolinnies have ever
gazed on. Instead of being made of the conven-
tional silk they are made of lace. The effect when they
encase Miss Fitzgerald's substantial underpinnings is
remarkable. The pattern of the lace was not knit any
too close, and it screens about as would a mosquito net-
ting. The color is black, which enhances by contrast
the delicate pink tint beneath.

The effect is not only startling, but shocking. Its sug-
gestiveness is more daring even than the most shame-
less exposure of the much maligned living pictures.
And yet it is all in the effect, for as a matter of fact
the lace tights are but coverings for another pair of
tights which are of the rose pluk tint known as
"fleshings."

Mr. Thomas W. Miner produced "The Fatal
City," a new melodrama by James R. Garey, at the
People's Theatre last Monday night. The first act
showed the model town of Eureka, an institution
founded by Robert Nelson. Paul Oudert, the superin-
tendent of Eureka, who has anarchistic tendencies, has
married Jennie Nelson secretly, but falls slave to the
beautiful Madeline Warden, a foreign emissary of
anarchy. Paul and Madeline arrange to disintegrate
Eureka and hand it over, apparently, to Alexander
Wilson, who has become enamored of Madeline with
the hidden purpose of developing the model town,
eventually, into the first anarchistic city of the world.

Act two shows Eureka in the hands of the trust king.
In the meantime Madeline has, through her wiles,
secured from Wilson a deed of gift of \$50,000 worth of
Eureka stock, to gain possession at his death. Paul de-
cides that that event must not be delayed and causes
Wilson's death, which is turned by Paul into an accusa-
tion against Nelson as the murderer. Act three is
vitaly interesting and ends with a fine climax.

Miss Adelaide Fitz Allan, George C. Boniface and
George A. D. Johnson have leading parts, and the pro-
duction was an unqualified success.

"Steve O'Donnell was a very fine bag-puncher," caustic-
ally remarks an exchange.

FULL OF SPICE!

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SERIES, Abounding in thrilling situations, and illus-
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wrapped, on receipt of price, 50 cents, by RICHARD K.
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SOPHIE LYONS, QUEEN OF CRIME.

She Leaves Her Baby at Home to Go On a "Grafting" Trip, But
is Caught Dead to Rights in a New York Jewellers.

FOR THAT SHE SPENT SIX MONTHS IN SECLUSION.

Her Sensational Escape From Sing Sing During a Terrific Snow Storm, When
She and Lyons Drove to Safety in a Sleigh.

[Written Especially for the Police Gazette by Col. W. F. Howe, the Famous Criminal Lawyer.]

CHAPTER II.

Sophie looked him over very carefully, with that cool, calm assurance for which she was noted even at that tender age, and then she said:

"Well, you look all right, but you may be nickel-plated at that."

The fact that her mother was at that moment in prison, and her father, Sam Levy, was laying low, made no difference to him. In fact it was more of a recommendation than anything else. There was a lot of good men tagging at her heels, all making plays for her, but she had kept away from them as much as a good-looking girl can keep away from a lot of flush crooks.

She was told that Lyons was a great man in his line, and that he had for pals such men as "Jimmy" Hope, Mark Swinburn and Charley Bullard, and perhaps it was that which helped make her love him, and which induced her to say "Yes" when he made her an offer of marriage.

The crowd that "hung out" in Mother Mandelbaum's in those days was not a marrying crowd. The men and women mixed up a good deal, but there were very few weddings to speak of, so there was more or less of a sensation when Sophie Levy became Sophie Lyons. No bridal tour followed the wedding, but there was a lot of drinking, and when it was all over the new husband found he had to go out and hustle. With his gang he hired a basement under the Ocean Bank, Fulton and Greenwich streets, New York, and one Sunday they got away with the neat sum of \$1,000,000 in gold and notes.

While he was working this he had established his wife in a home on Long Island, and he took home a small fortune as her share of the work.

Shortly after that her son was born, and Lyons tried to induce her to give up stealing, telling her they had money enough to last a long while.

But she didn't propose to let her husband get ahead of her in a professional way, and when the baby was about six months old she thought she would take another chance at the perilous but fascinating game of grafting. She dressed up to go out one day and Lyons asked her where she was going.

"Over to New York," she replied.

"You ain't going to do any crooked business, are you?" he asked.

"If anything comes my way I don't think I'll turn my back on it," was the answer.

"You had better stay home and take care of the kid. The first thing you know you'll be pinched and that'll break the place up. You don't need to go out and do any business, for you have all the coin you need."

She partly promised she would only go shopping, and so she went away. She started out all right, but when she got in the crowds on Broadway the old fever came back on her and she went into a swell jewellers to turn a little trick.

She asked to see some diamond rings and ten minutes after the clerk had brought out the tray she had two planted and he was dizzy from the bewitching smiles she was giving him. She was actually making him fall in love with her. She was going after a third gem when the floorwalker nailed her. She put up her usual elegant bluff and it almost worked. They kept her in the store while they rang for a central office man by telephone. Wade was sent up, and as soon as he walked in he recognized her.

"Hello, Sophie! At it again?"

"Get a cab," was all she said, "for I won't walk down."

Before she reached the white marble building in Mulberry street she had sent a telegram to her husband on Long Island telling him the news, and in a couple of hours she had counsel. It seemed at first a clear case for up the river, but there was a lot of Ned Lyons' money spent, and it only saved her from Sing Sing.

As it was, she was sent to Blackwell's Island for six months. That broke up the Long Island home, and the Lyons' kid was turned over to the care of friends. As soon as Sophie was released from the Island she started with her crooked work again. She had to this time, for Ned Lyons had "fallen" for a job on the Waterford, N. Y., bank. But she was the woman to do it, or try it, rather, for she was working under an unlucky star. She did several small jobs before she was caught in A. T. Stewart's dry goods store with \$1,000 worth of goods in her possession. She was notorious at that time and her trial resulted in her being sent to Sing Sing for five years. So it came about that Handsome Ned and his good-looking wife were both in jail at the same time, only separated by a stone wall. Lyons escaped in the fall, with the aid of friends, and when he got out his first thought was of his wife. He plotted for a year before he succeeded.

On a night of December, 1872, while a terrific snow storm was in progress, a sleigh drove up to the entrance of the woman's prison. Sophie Lyons had been "tipped off" to the event and was waiting patiently inside. One of the men jumped out of the sleigh and rang the outside bell.

He was Ned Lyons.

When the guard opened the door Ned handed a bulky basket to him, saying as he did so:

"Here's some fruit for Con Harris. I hear he's

sick." Sophie Lyons was in the corridor, apparently doing nothing, but in reality watching the door. Her cue had come and her time for a bold dash for liberty had arrived. As the guard took the big bulky basket, she gathered her prison skirts up in her arms and ran for the door. In a moment she was by the astonished keeper, who found himself violently pushed backward by Lyons' strong arms. The snow beat down furiously

outside and Sophie hardly knew where to go until she heard a voice: "Here, here!" In an instant she was in the sleigh. The lash was put to the team and she was in her husband's arms, a free woman. It was one of the boldest and most sensational escapes the gray old prison had ever known, and it is still talked about to this day. After that she settled down for awhile and had one boy and two girls before she was caught again. She went to jail for a \$2,000 job, and fate put her husband behind the bars again. She got out first, and then she did Ned up. She fell in with a good-looking gambler of the name of Hamilton Brock. "Falling in" means that he made such an impression on her that she lived with him. When Lyons got out he went gunning for the gambler, but Brock got the drop and sent two bullets into the burglar's system. He managed to live through it, however, but he never had anything to do with Sophie after that, except to call on her one day and tell her that he would have killed her if he had thought it worth the risk. But she quit Brock because he tipped the police off on a job that Lyons was about to do.

She flew high, for she kept away from the men until she took up with the best looking of the crook mob, "Handsome Jem" Brady. She had sent her two daughters to Canada, and they were away from the evil influence of her life. Her boys were in the pick-pocket push, and she was proud of them.

Then she and Kate Leary, Red Leary's girl got working together, but the combination didn't last long, for she found she could work better alone. After that Sophie turned the trick which made her famous.

She was registered at a Boston hotel and was passing herself off as a society woman of means, when she met a gentleman of family and position. It wasn't long before she had inveigled him into her room. It isn't at all necessary to go into details here as to what happened in that room. But, at any rate, she threw his clothes out of a window and put a loaded pistol to his head.

Then she asked him for a check for \$10,000. He signed it very willingly. When she went to get it cashed it was found he did not have that much money in the bank, so Sophie was arrested and the story came out. The merchant refused to prosecute and she was set free, but his home was broken up and he became a ruined man.

How One of Her Little Schemes Worked.

After that little escapade she and Brady went to Michigan, where they tried their hands at blackmail in the high society of Grand Rapids. It wasn't long before she had one of the best known men in the town on the hip, but when the critical moment came he refused to give up. She swore she would sit on his front steps until he gave her what she wanted, and she began her sittings. She didn't stay long, for he had his servants put the hose on her.

That gave her notoriety, but no money. From there they went to Peoria, Ill. In a bank in that town a man stood one day counting \$4,500 in bills.

A beautiful, handsomely dressed woman swept by him and dropped her handkerchief—by accident, of course. The gallant man left his bunch of bills long enough to pick it up for her, and she thanked him in a most gracious manner.

Brady got the \$4,500.

But both were arrested. Brady was sent to jail for two years, but her beauty got her off.

Of course she had to keep doing something, so she made a combination with "Billy the Kid," and she landed \$40,000 at Jackson, Mich. But it cost her three years in jail to do it.

When she came out she met Brady, and as they both had a little money planted they concluded to go abroad and do the grand. When Sophie Lyons reached Paris she became Mme. de Varney.

The habitués of a swell hotel in Paris were surprised one morning when a beautiful woman, dressed in the latest style, swept into the dining-room one evening. She fairly blazed with diamonds, and she created a decided sensation.

A wealthy old gentleman, who sat at a table in one corner, called the proprietor of the place, who happened to be present, over to him. "Who is the grand dame?" he asked. "She registered as Mme. de Varney," was the answer. "Ask her if she will permit me to make her acquaintance?" the old fellow asked. He was such a wealthy patron of the place that the proprietor did as he was bid.

"Mme. de Varney" consented to become acquainted, and in a few minutes the wealthy old "pigeon" was opening wine for the queen. Later in the evening he took her to the theatre and they spent a most enjoyable evening.

Within a week after that "Mme. de Varney" moved from the hotel to one of the most comfortable apartments in Paris, and she was fairly rolling in money.

Twice this old gentleman's apartments were mysteriously robbed, and it seemed as if every time he turned around he lost something. It wasn't very long before he found that someone had stolen his check book, and before he notified the bank the checks had been worked to the extent of thousands of francs—by whom, no one seemed to know.

But he was still infatuated with the beautiful Mme. de Varney, and he remained until a check he gave her for 400 francs was raised to 4,400 francs and successfully cashed.

Then he quit.

This little Parisian jaunt netted Mme. de Varney about \$200,000, and she was thinking seriously of settling in Paris when her career was cut short in the same old familiar way.

She was out near the Arc de Triumphe one sunny afternoon, picking up an occasional purse, when a keen-eyed gendarme caught her with her hand in the pocket of a stout old gentleman. He promptly collared her and she put up such an elegant bluff that the man whose pocket she had been working on took her part.

But it didn't go.

It went far enough, however, to save her from jail, and instead of sending her to prison the gendarmes escorted her to a steamship and sent her back to America. But she had all her "boodle" safely tucked away in her clothes.

To-day there is no other woman in the world who can equal her for nerve, audacity and cunning, and she is well fitted to bear the name of the Princess of Crooks.

THE END.

NEXT WEEK!

Read the sensational life of "Red" Kate Leary, who was, in her day, a most adroit and courageous criminal. She assisted in more daring prison escapes than any other woman, and she was feared by every one who knew her. Even her husband, who was a man of great brute-strength, quailed before her. Don't miss this remarkable story of a woman who has just died in the most abject poverty, at Coney Island.

Her husband, in speaking of her once to a friend, remarked:

"If the old gal and I should have a kid, and the kid had my beef and her nerve and hooks he would make a monkey out of John L. Sullivan."



She Made a Wild Dash For Freedom.

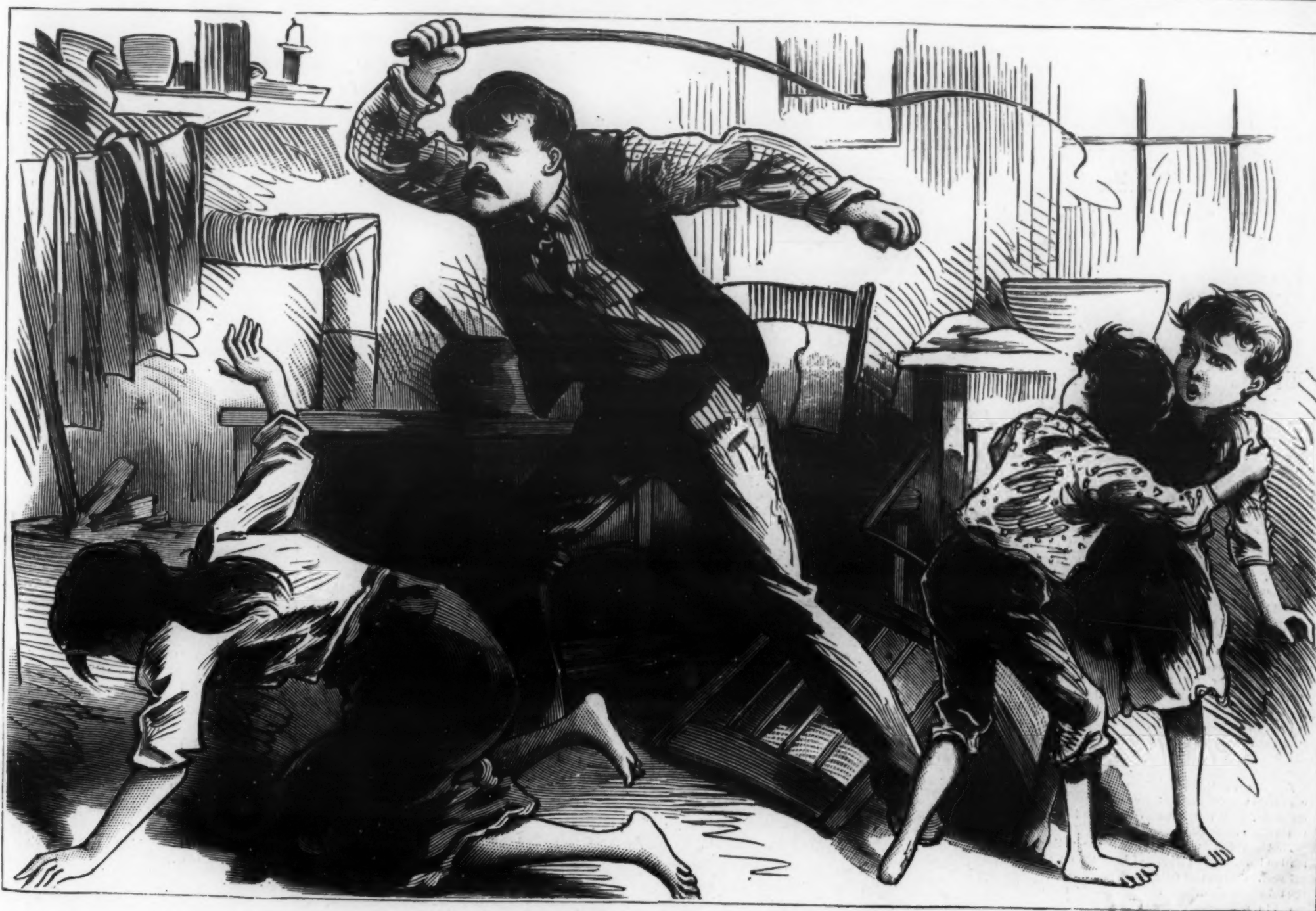
sick." Sophie Lyons was in the corridor, apparently doing nothing, but in reality watching the door. Her cue had come and her time for a bold dash for liberty had arrived. As the guard took the big bulky basket, she gathered her prison skirts up in her arms and ran for the door. In a moment she was by the astonished keeper, who found himself violently pushed backward by Lyons' strong arms. The snow beat down furiously



The Dainty Manner in Which She Compelled a Victim to Sign a \$10,000 Check.



MARIE DE WOLFE AND BONNIE LOTTIE.
A CHARMING BURLESQUE WOMAN AND A DAINTY DANCER, BOTH WITH GUS HILL'S SHOWS.



BEAT CHILDREN WITH LOADED WHIP.

A BRUTAL FATHER OF ST. LOUIS, MO., WHO WHIPPED HIS CHILDREN WITH A LOADED BLACKSNAKE WHIP.



JUMPED TO DEATH WITH HER BABES.

TO ESCAPE AN EXPRESS TRAIN, A WOMAN JUMPS WITH HER CHILDREN IN THE RIVER AT WILKESBARRE, PA.

MURDER OR SUICIDE?

The Strange Case Which is
Exciting Dayton, O.

GIRL'S LOVER ON TRIAL.

He Admits That He Threw Her Body in
the Waters of the Miami.

BUT HE DENIES THE SHOOTING.

In Dayton, O., there is a young man on trial for his life. He is accused of murdering his sweetheart, a girl named Bessie Little, and the fact that he is again before the public brings to light the tragic story of a girl's death and the remarkably sensational events which preceded it. The young man is Alfred Frantz, and he is a particularly good-looking young fellow. In a jar of alcohol, in a room near the court room, is the head of the girl, which is to be used as evidence against him. That the girl was pretty in her lifetime no one will deny; that she was wayward almost every one seems to know.

She suddenly disappeared. Somehow or other, little attention was paid to this fact until a man named Harper, who was bathing one summer afternoon in the Miami river near Dayton, saw in the water and dragged ashore the swollen, disfigured body of a woman. He notified the police, and the remains were taken to the morgue. A surgeon examined them and reported that there was no sign of violence, but the astute Chief of Police Farrell believed differently. He demanded an autopsy. It was held.

Even then nothing was discovered, and the coroner's verdict was that deceased had been drowned, and the remains were buried as those of an unknown person.

That morning a woman called at the police station looking for a friend of hers who was missing. Farrell was dumfounded. The way the thing was working itself out fairly staggered him.

"We have just buried a woman who was found in the river," he said. "Nobody knew her. Have you the courage to see her? She's an awful sight."

"Yes."

They went to the cemetery. The woman stared at the unsightly thing that the workmen drew to view.

"Is that your friend?" asked the Chief.

"No. But I'll tell you who it is. It's Bessie Little."

That is the way it started, and from that the chief worked. He found out who had been Bessie's lover and he found out that she had run away with him. He also found out that the girl had left her boarding-house one night in company with her lover and that she had never returned to even claim her trunk, which was still there.

Within an hour after he had obtained possession of these facts the chief had the lover under arrest. At the end of a brief interview he said to the young man: "Bessie Little is not at home—has not been at home—and has not been seen since you saw her last; her body is now at the cemetery. Go out and look at her remains."

Frantz, in charge of an officer, was taken to the cemetery. He did not pale as he viewed the decomposed corpse of the girl he professed to cherish and had promised to wed. On return to headquarters he coolly announced that the body was not that of Bessie Little. He declined to further discuss the affair.

Now see how fate works. The next day two boys who were playing near the Stillwater bridge discovered two tortoise shell side-combs, such as are worn by women, and near by were signs of blood. The combs were identified as Bessie Little's.

The evidence was coming in strong.

The body was again taken up, and the surgeons went to work to look for evidences of foul play.

They looked for a long while before they were successful. Then they found a bullet hole in the right ear and eventually the bullets themselves were found.

Thus were swept away all doubts and conflicting circumstances, and the story of the tragedy made plain. A pistol barrel had been thrust into Bessie Little's right ear, and two bullets in quick succession fired into her brain.

A hardware clerk of Dayton identified the prisoner as the man to whom he had sold a pistol and the chafn seemed to be complete.

Then Frantz talked a little. He said that the girl had committed suicide and that in his fright he had thrown her body in the river.

This story Frantz kept up for a long while. One day he was called in to hear the reading of the warrant charging him with willful murder. The chief stopped from the reading, turned to the now pallid and agonized man, and asked him:

"Do you understand this?"

He nodded his head, but did not speak. When the solemn words fell upon his ear, "Willful, foul and deliberate murder," his eyes stared wildly and his breast heaved with the struggle to subdue the turmoil within him. This was the time to take him unawares.

"Now, Frantz," said Chief Farrell, "just let me ask you one question. You say that Bessie Little committed suicide by shooting herself. Now, did you throw the body into the river first or the revolver first and the body after, or was the contrary true?"

Frantz's nerve and self-possession failed him. He was tangled. After a moment's wandering meditation he answered calmly, distinctly, thoughtfully:

"As near as I can remember, I threw the body in

first and then the revolver." The impression prevails in Dayton that the youth is guilty, but that is for the law to decide, and the question will soon be settled now.

"RED" KATE LEARY, SWELL MOBSWOMAN.

Read the sensational story of her life in the POLICE GAZETTE next week.

DROPPED OVER THE GARDEN WALL.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A couple of wayward girls, who had been sent to the House of the Good Shepherd at Chicago, Ill., by their relatives because they were too fond of the boys, are at the present time as free as the air. They made their escape the other evening.

Pedestrians along the Sedgwick side of the grounds surrounding the House of the Good Shepherd were surprised about 8 o'clock in the evening to see two white-faced girls appear on the top of the high wall from the inside of the inclosure, and then, without a moment's hesitation, drop to the walk below. Neither of the daring wall-scalers received injury, though one of them fell and rolled nearly into the gutter. She sprang to her feet again, and with her companion darted northward to Division street, and was soon lost to view in the darkness.

JOHN NILSSON.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

John Nilsson, the well-known Western skating expert, is a native of the United States, having been born in Minnesota twenty-one years ago. He has made the following creditable world's records, with others not mentioned, during his career before the public, which is not very extended: Three miles, 8 minutes, 43 2-8 seconds, at Montreal, Can., Feb. 2, 1895; four miles, 12 minutes, 1/2 second, at Minneapolis, Minn., Feb. 15, 1894; five miles, 14 minutes 59 seconds,



DEATH, THEN THE RIVER.

Her Lover Threw Bessie Little Into the River After She Had Died.

at Minneapolis, Minn., Feb. 15, 1894. His three-mile race at Montreal was for the amateur championship of the Dominion. He has gained the enviable reputation of always coming to win, which has naturally made him a strong drawing card wherever he appears, and he always gives satisfaction.

CHARLEY JOHNSON.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

One of the best-known pugilists now before the public is Charley Johnson, late of Minneapolis, now of Philadelphia. Johnson has a record almost a yard long, having fought all over America and Great Britain. He is now matched to fight Tommy West, who lately boxed a twenty-round draw with Joe Walcott. This affair will be held at the Meyers Athletic Club, of Albany, on Jan. 12.

BALL OF THE EXCELSIORS.

The sixth annual mask and civic ball of the original Excelsior Pleasure Club will be held at Everett Hall in East Fourth street, on Saturday evening, Jan. 23. The officers of the club are:

President, Jack Burge; vice president, Conrad Depp; treasurer, Henry Schneider; cor. secretary, Jos. Schwartz; rec. secretary, John Endres; fin. secretary, Chas. Fuchs; sergeant-at-arms, Chas. Depp; asst. sergeant-at-arms, Albert Faber; marshal, Chas. Does; asst. marshal, Geo. Deis; floor manager, August Steininger; asst. floor manager, Louis Berg.

THE OLD, OLD STORY.

"Rained by a Faithless Woman." FOX'S SENSATIONAL SERIES No. 11. One of the best of the series: 65 illustrations by French artists. Sent by mail to any address, very securely wrapped, on receipt of price, 30 cents. Address all orders to RICHARD E. FOX, Publisher, Franklin Square, New York. 149 Fleet street London, E. C.

HER LIFE WAS RUINED.

So the Beautiful Wife of a
Gambler Took Poison.

SHE HAD ELOPED WITH HIM.

But He Had Beaten and Ill-Treated Her
and She Was Tired of Life.

A ROMANCE THAT DIDN'T PAN OUT.

A remarkably beautiful woman, who was handsomely dressed, sat in a chair in a Kansas City drug store the other afternoon. She had been seated but a few moments when she toppled forward to the floor. In an instant the druggist was by her side and had raised her in his arms. She opened her eyes, looked at him and

and rather than that, I prefer death. When this reaches you I will be dead. Go and get my trunk, send it to my mother, and say to her that I was driven by you to my death. Since I have been your wife I have been true and loyal. Not an untrue thought has entered my head. You have been my life, my all. At all times and in all your troubles I have clung to you always. I have suffered poverty with you, and in return I get my heart crushed and my life forever ruined. Send my clothes to my mother. God bless the angel, and tell little sister to take warning from me. May God bless and protect the hand that was raised to strike a young life out of existence. Good-by forever, and may prosperity and happiness ever betide you in the last long wish of Lillian.

"P. S.—For Brother Kelly's birthday, he had his arm cut off; for mine, death."

Later the man was notified of his wife's attempt at suicide and he went to police headquarters, where she was lying on a cot. He drew a chair close up to her and asked:

"Lillian, why did you do this?"

With an effort she raised herself upon one elbow and replied, calmly:

"You know that I was driven to it by you."

Then the husband went out, and ordering a carriage, had the wretched woman conveyed to a hospital.

She met the gambler about two years ago at Dallas, Texas, where she was living with her parents. He, at that time, was bookmaking on the race tracks. She fell desperately in love with him, and notwithstanding the protests of her parents, she eloped with him. They went as far as Omaha together, when they came to the conclusion that it was time to get married, and then they were wedded, so it is said. After that she went around the country with him to all of the race meetings.

A "BLEEDING TIGRESS."

That is what her husband, the famous crook, called "Red" Kate Leary. Read about her in next week's POLICE GAZETTE.

PHOTOGRAPHED AS HE DIED.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Miles Pierce, a prominent photographer of Albany, Vt., posed himself in the big plush chair in his gallery with the utmost nicety one day last week. He presented a three-quarters view to the lens of the camera, which was focused upon him at close range. A drop shutter was attached to the instrument and an instantaneous plate was in the holder.

When the photographer had adjusted himself to his liking he picked up a big revolver that lay on a table conveniently near, cocked it and held the muzzle against his right temple.

In his left hand he gripped the bulb connecting with the camera.

As the forefinger of the photographer's right hand pressed the trigger his left contracted upon the rubber bulb. Simultaneously with the report of the weapon the eye of the camera winked, and that was all. The body of the man collapsed in the red plush chair. The pistol fell with a clatter to the floor, a cloud of white smoke eddied up toward the skylight and slowly dispersed, and all was silent.

An hour or two later the body of the man was found.

There was the usual wild excitement in the village, the constables were called, and then the coroner. The camera was shoved out of the way. The verdict was suicide by reason of temporary insanity. The real reason is that nobody in Albany wanted to be photographed, and that Miles Pierce had no more money.

The man who had purchased the photographic outfit found the plate in the camera. He had the curiosity to develop it. When the image on the negative sprang into view he was so startled that he let it fall and smashed the glass. It was pieced together and a few proofs printed from it. The owner has exhibited them only to a few persons, and will not part with any. The drop shutter did its work and the picture was recorded the instant when the bullet had pierced the photographer's skull.

GAY GIRLIES DO A BEAR DANCE.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

There are a lot of young women at Lawrence, Kan., who believe in originality. The other night they concluded to have a little racket at which there were to be no men, and to make it more interesting they introduced a new and sensational feature which they called a bear dance. A great number of them took part, circling the room on all fours to slow music. During the act they wore bear skins which helped out the illusion wonderfully. Afterwards there were a couple of good fast boxing bouts in which there was very much of the real thing.

PATSY HALEY.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Patsy Haley gained his fame as a boxer in Buffalo. He is a new-comer in New York boxing circles, but during the short time he has been there he has done a lot to establish his reputation as one of the cleverest bantams that ever donned a glove. He defeated Young Sisto of Providence, and Kid Madden of Brooklyn, within two weeks, and is now matched against Dave Sullivan of Boston.

HERCULES WILLIAM.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

A recent arrival from South America is Hercules William, one of the strongest men in the world. He has displayed his marvelous powers all over the world and is now about to appear in New York. He has a splendid stage act, consisting of pulling against horses while laying prone across a "rack." He is a fine weight-lifter, too.

JUST TOO SWEET!

"Woman and Her Lover." Translated from the French of Hector Malot. No. 9 of FOX'S SENSATIONAL SERIES, with 67 beautiful illustrations. Sent by mail to any address on receipt of price, 30 cents, securely wrapped. Address RICHARD E. FOX, Publisher, Franklin Square, New York. 149 Fleet St., London, E. C.

"LITTLE EGYPT" DID HER DANCE.

She Wriggled, Twisted and Squirmed the Couchee-Couchee for a Jovial Party of Hilarious Clubmen.

OFFERED \$1,000 TO LEAVE TOWN FOR A WHILE?

Like a Good Girl She Goes to the Chief of Police, Tells Him All About It, and Exhibits a Few of Her Peculiar Movements.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

The apparently innocent little dance which that sinuous young woman known as "Little Egypt" did for the guests at a swell New York dinner party recently is destined to become famous, and she has already begun to gather the fruits of fame by getting a profitable engagement at the Olympia Theatre. The black-eyed French woman has been very much in demand lately, but not for dancing purposes. The folks for whom she danced would like to have had her get out of town so she couldn't tell just what kind of a couchee-couchee dance she did for them, and the police captain who disturbed the dinner wanted her so he could square himself with his superior officer.

They both got her. One of the guests called on her first, so she says, and she also says he offered her \$1,000 to leave the city until the storm blew over. That sounds pretty good, but it is hard to believe "Little Egypt" would refuse \$1,000 for taking a vacation.

She must have sniffed fame ahead, for the first thing that the people most interested knew about it, "Little Egypt" and Anita, her maid, jumped out of a cab at Police Headquarters and went in to see Chief Conlin. She went there for the purpose of telling about her dance. She first told the Chief that she was an Algerian, and then she said she was engaged by a theatrical agency to do the couchee-couchee at a choice dinner, for which performance she was to receive \$100.

In the contract she made she was to do two dances, one on the stage and one on the floor, around the table where the men were dining.

In the first dance she was to wear a costume consisting solely of a little velvet jacket, that would simply cover her shoulders, and slippers.

In this dance, she says, her arms would have been bare, her body would have been unclad above the hips, except for the slight covering of the little velvet Zouave jacket, and below the hips would have been only the protection of the slippers.

In the second dance, which was to be an encore, she says she was to throw off the slippers and jacket, which wouldn't leave her much to cover herself with, except a pair of black silk stockings. In that costume she says she was to have danced up and down the room around the banquet table. When the time came for her to really do her dance, however, she was told there was danger of police interference and that all she had to do was to spring the plain, everyday couchee-couchee, with enough clothes on her to cover her. She admitted she was willing to do the encore dance in the "altogether"—that is, with only her black silk stockings on—but the gentlemen protested and said they didn't want any more dancing. Afterwards she danced around the table with some of the guests who seemed to be in a jovial spirit, but that was all.

All this is in the form of an affidavit which is now in the possession of the police.

The interesting part of it all is that while the woman was telling her story to the Chief of the Police Commissioners she insisted upon taking the Commissioner's hands and dancing about the room with him in order to illustrate how she danced with the guests at the dinner. She went through her famous contortion movements and did her queer little wriggles, in order to show the gentleman all the details, and when she came away she told a friend that she thought the Commissioner was a prince—he was such a fine fellow.

After that the reporters got after the dancer. They found out that she was living on Seventh avenue, near Fifty-third street, under the name of Mrs. Harper. The first man that called found her dressed in a pink silk wrapper, pink silk stockings and high-heeled French shoes.

He asked her about her dance, and she went and dressed for him just as she had dressed at the dinner. She went through the real thing from start to finish, and she gave him quite an entertainment before she had finished.

She had a good many callers after that, so that she was kept busy dancing for quite a while.

She is a very willing dancer and is always ready to entertain with her wonderful contortions. She made her first appearance when the Midway Plaisance was in full blast at Chicago, and the artistic way in which she wriggled her body made a great hit. She has danced to the familiar old tune in all sorts of costumes, including some which were very scant, indeed.

About a year ago she was engaged to go to Albany to do a few wriggles and twists for some white-whiskered senators who wanted "hot stuff" and were willing to pay for it. The party wasn't a large one, and "Little Egypt" came back to town after her performance with all kinds of money.

After that she got an engagement to do a dance at a Yale dinner at New Haven. There was no stage in the dining-room, and when she entered she was assisted on the table. During her dance she wrecked a lot of salad, and made the table look, after she had finished, as if a small cyclone had passed that way. But she made a hit, just the same, and her success was so great that the boys gave a dinner the next night just for the sake of having her do what they called the "salad couchee-couchee."

She hasn't danced in public for a long while because

her services are in such demand at private affairs, where a few garments, more or less, make no difference.

The police captain who made the raid knew about her peculiar dance, and he wasn't looking for anybody but her when he entered the dressing-room. "Little Egypt" will be the rage now.

CHASED OUT OF A WINDOW.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

There is a girl heroine in Fruitvale, Cal., over whom



HE STRUCK HER WITH A SANDBAG.

The Brute Who Made the Assault Turned Out to be a Lover of the Woman He Almost Killed.

all the folks of that quiet town are raving. Although but sixteen years old, she put up a heroic battle with a burglar who tried to chloroform, gag and blind her, and after a desperate struggle she succeeded in making her escape by leaping through an open window and dropping to the ground, a distance of twelve feet.

Shortly after 11 o'clock a burglar forced one of the rear windows in the house and made his way to the girl's room. She had retired, and when she heard the noise thought that some of the folks of the house had returned.

Suddenly a man seized her by the arm and, holding her down in bed, placed a handkerchief saturated with chloroform over her mouth.

In the struggle that followed she fell out of bed, and the battle between the girl and the burglar was continued on the floor in the darkness.

The burglar lost the chloroform-saturated handkerchief, and then he tried to shove something into her mouth to prevent her from screaming. Falling in his effort to do this the man said:

"Well, I'll tie you up."

Then the girl, mustering up all her strength, and giving a sudden jerk, released herself from the grasp of the burglar and, jumping through an open window in her room, fell twelve feet to the ground.

Then she ran down the street, screaming at the top of her voice. The neighbors hurried to her assistance and forming a small posse, entered the house.

The burglar, however, had not waited to ransack the house, but had hurriedly made his escape. The search

BANDIT KINGS.

Frank and Jesse James, the outlaw brothers. The sources of the plains. Their lives and adventures. The killing of Jesse by the Ford brothers fully illustrated. Price by mail, 25 cents. RICHARD K. FOX, Franklin Square, New York. 149 Fleet St., London, E. C.

for him was prosecuted through the fields, but no trace of the fellow could be found.

BEAT CHILDREN WITH LOADED WHIP.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A frail sixteen-year-old girl appeared in a St. Louis police court the other day as complainant against her father. She was the eldest of three children, whose mother had recently died. She said that after her mother's death the father got out a loaded blacksnake whip and beat them until they were black and blue. He had abused her horribly and she and the others were half-starved. The brute was fined the limit, \$200.

"RED" KATE LEARY, SWELL MOB SWOMAN.

Read the sensational story of her life in the POLICE GAZETTE next week.

KID MCCOY VICTORIOUS.

American Boxer Defeats Bill Doherty in South Africa.

An Associated Press cable from Johannesburg, South Africa, says that Kid McCoy, the American middle-weight, defeated Billy Doherty, of Australia, on Dec 26, in nine rounds.

The fight was for \$5,000 a side and a division of the gate receipts. It was to have gone twenty rounds. Doherty, who recently defeated Tom Duggan for the championship of South Africa, without getting a scratch, was completely outclassed by McCoy in eleven rounds.

The men came together at 158 pounds. The Australian was the favorite in the betting at the start, but after the third round the betting changed in favor of

COURTED WITH A SANDBAG

A Human Brute of Houston, Tex., Who Had No Pity.

HE WAS A BLACKMAILER.

And When His Victim Refused Him More Money He Knocked Her Down.

HE HAD THREATENED HER.

A thug, who doesn't seem to have half the conscience the law allows, made his appearance in Houston, Tex., the other day. He went into a house on a side street, occupied by a Mrs. Susie Hart, and demanded that she tell him where she kept her money. She had a four-month-old baby in her arms at the time, and as she refused the man's demand she turned to walk away from him. As soon as she did so he pulled out a sandbag and struck her a villainous blow across the back of the head. She fell to the floor with the baby in her arms and screamed for help. The ruffian tore the child from her arms and threw it to one side and then proceeded to rain blows upon his victim's head, face, shoulders and back with the sandbag.

He demanded that she tell him where she kept the household money. She told him there was no money in the house. This he refused to believe, and continued beating her with the sand club. He dragged the woman into a back room which is used as a sleeping apartment and renewed his demands for money. The woman persisted that there was no money in the house and again cried out for help. He then stuffed a rag in her mouth to stop her outcries, and taking a small bottle from his pocket declared that he would make her drink its contents.

All this time the woman was struggling to free herself, and he would try to silence her by beating her about the head and face with the sandbag. He repeated his demands for money, and insisted that she disclose its hiding place. There was a small box on the bureau containing two gold watches and other jewelry, but the robber did not notice it, and asked only for money. The struggle had lasted about five minutes, and Mrs. Hart was almost exhausted from fear and the beating she had received. She was about to disclose the hiding place of the money when the man appeared to become frightened, and told her if she would stop her noise he would not beat her any more. She told him that the only money in the house was a nickel, which was on the table in the kitchen. He ordered her to go and bring it, which she did. He took the five-cent piece, put it in his pocket and ran out the front door.

Staggering from the result of the blows she had received, the woman picked up her baby and ran out of the back door, screaming for help. Several neighbors came in and gave what assistance they could to the bruised and bleeding woman. The weapon, which was an old stocking filled with sand, was found on the floor where the thief had dropped it. The man was evidently a green hand at the robbing business.

A day or so after the robbery and after the police were notified, the true story came out and a most sensational one it proved to be. Before she was married Mrs. Hart had a lover for whom she did all that lay in her power, even to the extent of giving him money. He was a shiftless, worthless sort of a fellow, as she found out before very long, and then she concluded to cast him off, which she did. After her marriage he began to annoy her with his attentions, which she was compelled to receive because he threatened to tell her husband of her past life. So strong a hold did he obtain upon her that on several occasions, when Mr. Hart was kept away from his home all night on business, his place was taken by the lover.

This had been going on for a long time, during all of which the woman had been supplying him with money. At last he demanded more than she was able to give him, and having an idea that she had money in the house he concluded that he would take a chance for it. He went there on the day of the assault fully prepared to take the most desperate chances. After a stormy scene he struck her with the sand club as has been told, but he failed to find what he was looking for.

MARIE DE WOLFE AND BONNIE LOTTIE.

[WITH PORTRAITS.]

One of the most charming burlesque women in the business is Miss Marie De Wolfe, who is at present with the Vanity Fair Burlesque Company. She is not only good looking and talented but she has a few curves which are worth while looking at.

Bonnie Lottie is a dancer with a great reputation. Notwithstanding the fact that she is very young she knows all there is to know in the business, and her position as a clever performer is assured. She is with the New York Stars.

JUMPED IN THE RIVER WITH HER BABES.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Mrs. Johnson and her two children were drowned in the Lackawanna river recently. They were walking on the Erie Railroad bridge at Wilkesbarre when a train came along. The woman took her children in her arms and jumped into the river, where all three were drowned before help came.

BACK OF THE BAR.

Over 1,000 receipts in the "Police Gazette Bartender's Guide," copiously illustrated. Sold by all newsdealers or sent by mail to any address on receipt of price, 35 cents. Address RICHARD K. FOX, The Fox Building, Franklin Square, New York. 149 Fleet St., London, E. C.

the American, who had the best of the exchanges throughout.

McCoy, who has sailed for England, has challenged Ted White to fight him for \$2,500 a side.

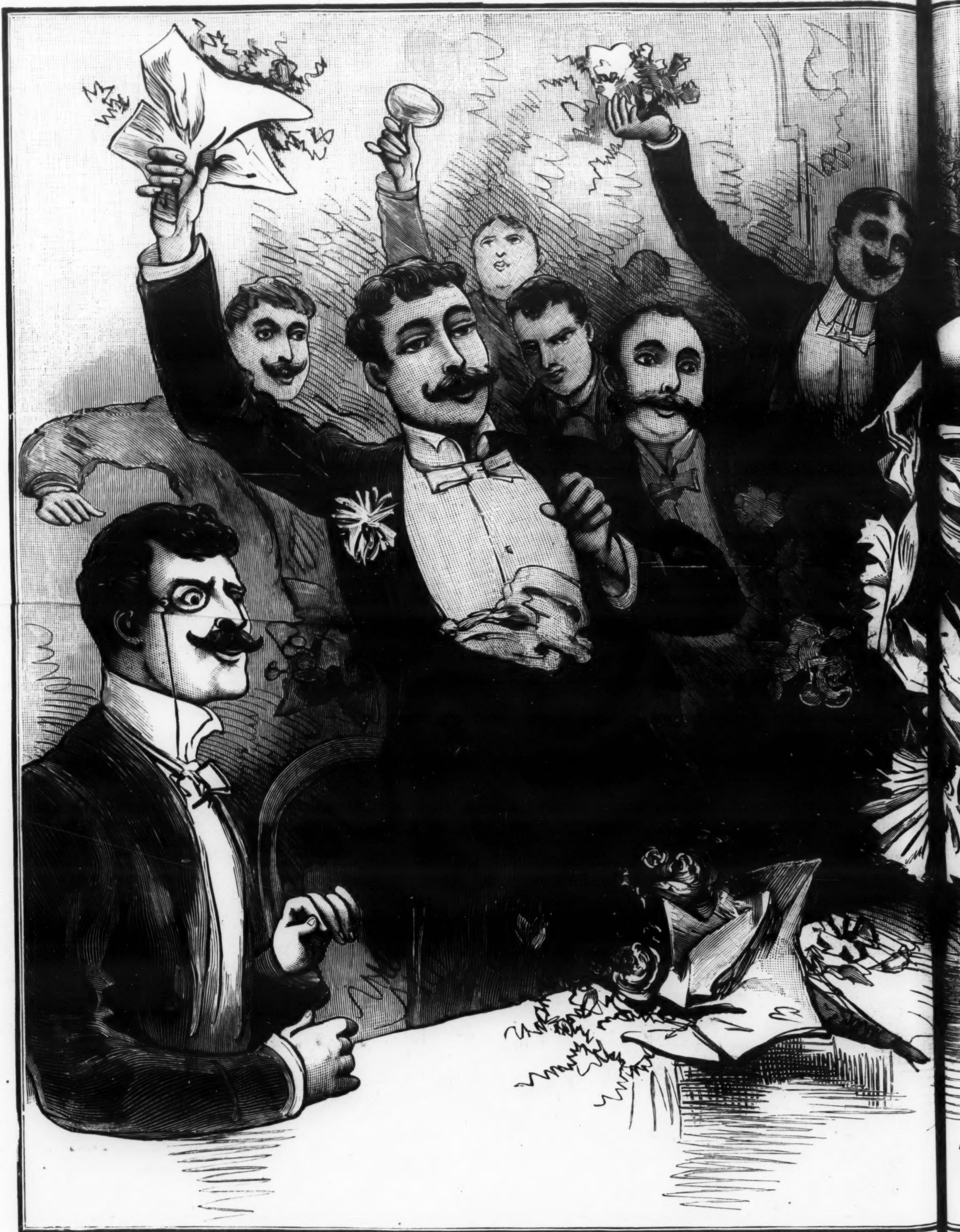
SPORT IN AN UPTOWN CAFE.

A Fresh Youth Punished for Using the Name of An Actress Promiscuously.

In one of the uptown cafes one night recently three young men sat drinking and talking in a loud tone of voice. The theatres were just out and the room was crowded. Suddenly one of the three—a fresh-looking youth in evening dress—mentioned the name of a woman—a young actress. There was really nothing offensive in what he said of her—it was merely the way he said it and the air of assurance with which he mentioned her name. But the words were scarcely out of his mouth when he received a stinging box on the ear. All three young men sprang to their feet and faced a stalwart-looking man who was smoking a large cigar. The youth—who had had his ears boxed—was on the verge of tears.

"Sit down there! Keep your shirts on!" exclaimed the tall man, who spoke with a pronounced Western accent. "I done that. That's for remembrance. There's more where that came from if you do it again. I don't know the lady you was speaking of, but I saw her fact-to-night, and by gad, sir, she made me cry. Any woman who can act as she did, young man, is a good woman. I'd vouch for her honor as I would for my own sister's. Don't you ever mention her name in a barroom again, young man, or you'll get soaked for fair."

The woman they had been talking about was Maude Adams, the dainty leading lady of "Rosemary."



"LITTLE EGYPT" DOES HER FAIR

AS SHE APPEARED AT A BACHELOR'S DINNER IN A SWELL
THE POLICE CAPTAIN, WHO HAD TRIED TO F

GAZETTE: NEW YORK.



HER FAMOUS COUCHEE-COUCHEE.
 SELLER'S ESTABLISHMENT, OF FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, AFTER
 TO HER, GAVE UP IN DISGUST AND WENT HOME.

PUGILIST DUFFY IS DEAD.

Fought George Justice at the
Broadway A. C.

SHOOK HANDS AFTERWARDS.

Death Due to Over-Excitement and
Lack of Vitality.

ASSEMBLYMAN HORTON SAW THE BOUT

James Duffy, a young pugilist hailing from Boston, who was one of the participants in a ten round boxing bout with Geo. Justice, which took place before the Broadway Athletic Club, New York, on Jan. 2, died at St. Vincent's Hospital early on Jan. 4, the direct cause of death being meningeal hemorrhage, occasioned by undue mental excitement and over-exertion.

The unfortunate death of young Duffy was in no way occasioned by anything that happened during the bout. No hard blows were struck and there was not a knock-down during the entire engagement.

The last round was in favor of Justice, although Duffy responded strongly and was far from being badly beaten. In fact, when the bell rang and the battle ended, he shook hands with Justice and then walked to his corner to take his chair. While waiting for the decision of the referee, Duffy appeared to be all right, and was seen to talk with his seconds.

When the referee declared that Justice had won there were mingled cheers and hisses, for many seemed to think that the contest should have been declared a draw.

Duffy got up unassisted, and then for the first time it was noticed that he was weak. As he stepped through the ropes he fell forward, his seconds catching him in their arms. He was lifted up bodily and carried to a room where the boxers make their preparations to go on. Nobody had any idea that Duffy was hurt, and as no rumor of his condition reached the crowd in the building the other bouts followed.

The police immediately put George Justice under arrest and locked him up in the Mercer street station. Capt. Groo also ordered the arrest of the referee, Dick Roche, who was locked up, too. Tom O'Rourke, the manager of the Broadway A. C., was arrested after he had settled up the business at the clubhouse.

Duffy was removed to St. Vincent's Hospital. Dr. J. D. Bryant, President Cleveland's physician, who is visiting surgeon to the institution, was summoned, and after he had acquainted himself with the history of the case decided to perform an operation.

Duffy was in a comatose state, and at no time regained consciousness after that. An immediate examination developed the fact that he was suffering from what is called meningeal hemorrhage. It was also discovered that the blood clot was on the right side of the brain, near the base. In order to relieve the pressure of blood on the brain, the ordinary operation of trepanning was performed, but it was quite clear to the surgeons that the hemorrhage had extended over the entire brain.

The operation, however, relieved the man temporarily; but he soon had a relapse. Upon a very close examination there was apparently no fracture of the skull, but the direct cause of the rupture can only be disclosed by an autopsy. There were no marks or bruises on the skull, but the lips were puffed a trifle and there were several scratches on the shoulders.

Justice, the pugilist, who was Duffy's opponent, Roche, the referee, and O'Rourke spent the night in the Mercer street station and the following morning were arraigned before Magistrate Flammer in the Jefferson Market Police Court. Capt. Groo explained the case to the magistrate and made affidavit that the three defendants had been guilty of acts contributory to Duffy's injuries. The latter had not then been reported dead, although a certificate from the hospital was to the effect that his case was hopeless and he could not survive. The magistrate said that he did not see exactly the charge on which the men were arraigned, but he would hold them in \$1,000 bail each for further examination. Justice, Roche and O'Rourke were represented by Lawyer Friend, of the firm of Friend, House and Grossman, who declared that he could produce a thousand witnesses who would swear that Duffy's injuries were not caused by the punching he received from Justice, because no blows hard enough to produce serious injury were delivered.

"A man might be affected that way," he said, "as a result of any vigorous exercise, of running up stairs or chasing a street car. Isn't that so, Inspector?"

Inspector Allaire, to whom the remark was made, admitted that it was, and some of the other policemen who had seen the bout said that Justice's blows were not the real cause of Duffy's condition. The men were bailed by Martin Engel and quickly left the court room. Manager O'Rourke could not be found later in the day, but Referee Roche said:

"I was never more surprised in my life than when I was told that I was under arrest. I hadn't an idea that Duffy was hurt, for he did not show any punishment nor was he overmatched. He did not for a moment during the ten rounds show signs of exhaustion or I would have promptly stopped the bout. It is conclusive proof that he was not badly beaten because he finished strongly. The bout was very tame compared to many that I have seen."

Justice was seen shortly after leaving court. He was heartbroken over the turn of affairs, and could hardly speak from emotion.

"I didn't think that Duffy was hurt," said he, "for in the last round, when we shook hands, he said to me, 'No hard feelings?' and I replied, 'Why, certainly not!' I wasn't trying to knock him out, but merely to outpoint him. There was no bad blood between us."

A strange coincidence about the bout was the presence at the club house on Saturday night of Assemblyman George S. Horton of Wolcott, Wayne county, the father of the boxing law bearing his name, which legalizes glove contests in this State in incorporated athletic clubs. When asked for an opinion of the bout, he said:

"It was a very mild exhibition of glove fighting. There was, in my opinion, absolutely no brutality shown, and Duffy did so well that I thought that the referee would certainly decide in his favor. If I had been referee I would have lost no time in declaring Duffy the winner, for to my mind he had the better of the argument in the ten rounds."

"When I learned the next morning that Duffy was likely to die, I was simply dumfounded, for it was impossible for me to believe that he could have had any ill effects from such a tame bout. I did not see Justice hit him hard, and there was no period when Duffy appeared to be in distress. I thought he had merely fainted from over-exertion when he collapsed outside the ring, and my opinion now is that his injury was due to lack of physical condition, or to undue excitement."

"Is it your opinion that this accident will result in the repeal of the Horton law?" was asked.

"Not at all," was the Assemblyman's reply, with emphasis. "It will not shake my faith in the merits of the law, and I am quite confident that the other members of the Legislature will not be inclined to vote for a repeal. The law is working well up the State and in this city, as far as I can learn, and it has been popularly received on all sides. It is my belief that it has put boxing on a much higher plane and has served to abolish nearly all of the brutal exhibitions that disgusted the public before the law went into effect."

Duffy, the dead pugilist, was born at East Boston on March 5, 1876. He made his first appearance as a boxer in 1893 in a 4-round go with Sam McGuff.

The result was a draw. It was noticed even then that he dis-

played extreme weakness when the set-to waxed warm, and this was more pronounced a few weeks later when he went against Walter Lang at the old Roanoke Club. Good judges of boxers said then that he would never do. He was game enough, but not strong. In the fall of 1893 he met Bob Rooker in the old Camden Street Club, and lost in fourteen rounds. In this fight he was stricken with a deadly weakness. It came on after the referee's decision, and he was in a semi-comatose state for over five hours. After that the Boston matchmakers fought shy of him, as they were afraid that he would die on their hands.

Duffy, however, stuck to his chosen vocation and during the same winter fought a four-round draw with Bob Ringwood at Lynn. He bested the "Dangerous Swede," whoever he may be, in two rounds, and on Dec. 11, 1894, fought a draw with Bart Ryan. In January, 1895, he fought a fifteen-round draw with young McCoy, and in February of the same year whipped him in seven rounds. He also fought draws with Frank Murphy and Jerry Callahan in 1895, and last year he figured in limited-round contests throughout New England.

CHOYNSKI'S NEW GRAFT

Will Take Charge of the Sporting Goods in a
Big Department Store.

At the beginning of the new year, Joe Choyinski, the California pugilist, will enter upon a new role which opens up a hitherto unthought of field for the up-to-date boxer. He has signed a contract with the Sizer & Cooper Company, of New York, to take charge of a branch of their sporting goods department. His duties will be something entirely new to the business, as he will be expected to act not only as a salesman, but as a sort of physical director and adviser. The Californian is a splendidly developed specimen of muscular manhood, and is well informed on the latest and best methods of training.

If a customer with a poorly developed chest, a small arm or leg, or one who wishes to fit himself for some particular branch of sport applies for advice, he will be turned over to Choyinski. The latter will take him in hand, and furnish all necessary information as to diet, and the amount and kind of exercise to be taken.

He will be engaged upon all kinds of work in connection with sporting goods and athletic appliances. He has had, of course, a practical experience with nearly every glove made, and is competent to pass upon their relative merits.

It is not known if Choyinski will be allowed to engage in boxing contests while in the employ of the corporation or not. In case the contest is to take place in New York city, and does not interfere with Choyinski's work in the store, no objection could be raised. There is no clause in the contract between Choyinski and his future employers prohibiting him from engaging in a glove contest. The

POINTS FOR CORRESPONDENTS

Information for the Curious Ones
Who Want To Know.

QUERIES CONCERNING SPORT

Popularity of the "Police Gazette" as
a Ready Reference for All.

DECISIONS WHICH SETTLE WAGERS.

[Contributors to the query columns of the "Police Gazette" are informed that the accumulation of letters has become so great that the editor finds it impossible to answer each immediately upon receipt. None have been overlooked, however, and replies to all will appear in due course of time.]

J. W. F., Glenville, O.—Fred Archer committed suicide Monday, Nov. 8, 1896.

F. K., Staatsburgh, N. Y.—Sir Hugo won the Derby in 1892; La Fleiche was second and Buena Vista third.

C. M., Atlantic City, N. J.—Who is the champion heavyweight prize fighter of the world? Title in dispute. Corbett seems to have best claim upon it.

M. LaR., Wyandotte, Mich.—No. Andy Bowen died from a concussion of the brain caused by his head striking the stage when Lavigne knocked him out.

J. B., Mt. Victory, O.—A bet B that McKinley will not have 50,000 more votes than Bryan in the State of Ohio. Who wins? B wins. He had over \$51,000.

F. M. P., Kalamazoo, Mich.—What age do you think a person ought to be to begin to train to be a bicycle rider? Any age; depends upon physical condition.

Frank Erne defeated him about three weeks ago? Who is now lightweight champion? J. No. 2. Kid Lavigne is so acknowledged. SCARUSSE.—A bet B that James Corbett knocked Sullivan out. B bet that Sullivan was not knocked out? B wins. He was not knocked out, but too much exhausted to stand on his feet.

M. L. W., Meehanville, N. Y.—Where can I procure a book on the culture of frogs? Where is there a place where they are raised for market? Write to Henderson, Corliss street, New York.

C. N. D., Holyoke, Mass.—A bet on a game of casino. A played an ace on 3-spot, made it four; B played an ace on the combination four and took a 5-spot from the board and made it ten. Who wins, A or B? A.

Columbus, O.—A bet B that Jackson and Corbett fought a draw according to the referee's decision. Please state referee's decision? Referee's decision "no contest," virtually a draw. Bets on a draw so decided.

J. F. F., Reno, Pa.—How many times did Joe Choyinski knock Robert Fitzsimmons down when they fought in Boston, Mass. 7. Did Choyinski knock Fitzsimmons down three times in one round? 1. Once. 2. No, he did not.

W. J. F., White Earth, N. D.—A bet that John L. Sullivan knocked Charley Mitchell off the stage in their fight in Madison Square Garden, New York? Neither was knocked off the stage. Sullivan was knocked down.

J. V., Newark, N. J.—Let me know if Peter Maher fought Bob Fitzsimmons after he fought Steve O'Donnell? Yes; it was the result of the fight with O'Donnell that gave him the right to fight Fitzsimmons the second time.

Geo. Hansen Suor, Memphis, Tenn.—Maid Marian, by Great Tom, famous as a race mare, and Yo Tambien are no relation except each has a Glencoe cross. Yo Tambien was killed in 1896. We think Maid Marian is alive.

S. B., Middletown, Pa.—Who is the recognized featherweight champion of the world? From what I can understand Frank Erne won the title over Dixon in their last bout? J. George Dixon. 2. Erne outpointed him in a glove contest.

READER, Woodstock, Ill.—Please state if it would be fair and just to pay a bet on Fitz and Sharkey fight on the knockout, when it is claimed a foul or struck in groin by knee disabled Sharkey in the eighth round? Yes. Sharkey was knocked out.

Columbus, O.—A bet B that Jackson and Corbett fought a draw at San Francisco several years ago. According to the referee's decision, who wins? A wins. Neither of them got the decision, so honors were even, which in ring parlance is called "a draw." J. B. F., Newark, N. J.—A bet B that Maher and Burns sparred together at John L. Sullivan's last benefit at Madison Square Garden. B bets they did not, as he was there and saw Mysterious Billy Smith spar Burns? Both were wrong. Tarantula Bill Smith sparred Burns.

C. J. O., Adams, N. Y.—How can a bet on the result of the Presidential election in the State of Kentucky be decided? Does the better who backed McKinley win, or should the money be divided, as McKinley receives 12 electoral votes and Bryan 17? Better on McKinley wins.

T. Me., Joplin, Mo.—If A bets B that Sharkey stays in the ring with Fitz ten rounds and the fight only continues eight rounds, no proviso being made for fouls, who wins? B wins. Sharkey was knocked out in the eighth round. The referee's decision does not change that fact.

Prof. G. P., Lonaconing, Md.—Did Geo. Dixon and Pedlar Palmer ever box in America? Did Kid Lavigne and Chas. McKeever ever spar in America? Did Geo. Dixon ever spar with Jerry Marshall? 1. Yes, at Madison Square Garden. 2. Yes, at the same place.

3. Yes, in Boston.

O. F. L., Portsmouth, Va.—A states that there is such a thing as a go-as-you-please walking match, in which the contestants are allowed to walk or run if they wish to. I state that there is no such thing as a go-as-you-please walking match, in which the contestants are allowed to run? A wins.

JEM MACE AT THE "POLICE GAZETTE" OFFICE.

Jem Mace and his manager, Harry Webb, paid a visit to the Police Gazette office on Dec. 16, and left the following letter of thanks with Richard K. Fox:

"I, the undersigned, wish to publicly thank all my friends and patrons that visited the Broadway Athletic Club recently. I must certainly say that during my career as a public man I have never been the recipient of so much kindness in all my travels. I wish to thank all my old-time friends, as well as new ones, who volunteered their services upon that special occasion. I must certainly say I am unable to find words to express my feelings toward Al Smith, the prince of sports; my old-time friend, Barney Aaron; your present champion, Mr. James Corbett; John L. Sullivan, late champion; Billy Edwards, Arthur Chambers, Billy McVey, Tim Early, and especially Prof. Donovan; in fact all friends, which are too numerous to mention, not forgetting the valuable efforts of the press, and last, but not least, Jerry Donovan, my old-time second. I am pleased to say I have secured the services of my old-time secretary, Harry Webb, and intend visiting several of the principal cities of the United States and Canada. Yours truly, Jem Mace, Retired Champion of the World."

JOE GODDARD IS IN GREAT LUCK.

His Career in South Africa Has Been Successful in More Ways Than One.

Joe Goddard, the barrier champion, has struck a rich lead in South Africa. In a letter from Johannesburg he says:

"In three fights here I have cleared \$15,000. From the bout with Denver Ed Smith I banked \$6,500. Smith's share was \$2,500. If Fitz or Corbett were to come here, they could get a ton of money for a bout with me. 'Gentleman Jim' can never beat me."

"I will fight either Fitzsimmons or Corbett, and put up \$5,000 of my own money. I will also deposit \$2,500 of my own money to bind a match, and I wish you would challenge them for me. If they will not come here, I will agree to meet either of them in America. I am matched to fight Mick Dooley on Feb. 22, and after that I will be ready for anybody."

Goddard was never regarded as a clever man. Goddard's description of his bout with Smith is as follows:

"The fight was short and easy, although he was better than I thought. He made the pace and I did good left-hand work. I settled him just after a break, when I made a right-hand cross and ducked, then hooking him on the right side of the jaw. You never saw a better punch and his head hit the boards."

HARRY CORBETT.

[WITH PORTRAIT]

One of the best-known sporting men of the Pacific coast is Harry Corbett, of San Francisco. He is a brother of the redoubtable champion heavyweight, Jim Corbett, but this is only an incident, for he does not depend upon his relative's reputation as many would be the famous people do, but has an individuality of his own. He is the leading bookmaker and poolroom keeper in the Californian metropolis. He handles all kinds of money on horse racing and steeple events, and is known far and wide as an all-round honest sportsman.

The twelve-round glove contest between Billy Hughes of Kalamazoo, and Bert Woodruff, at Grand Rapids, Mich., on Dec. 23, was declared a draw. The contest was for \$100 and gate receipts.

There was a fair sized crowd at City Line Park, Brooklyn, N. Y., last Monday night to witness the bouts arranged by the South Brooklyn A. C. The first bout, between Fred Mayo and Jack Wilson, ten rounds, at 108 pounds, was a draw. George Justice and Doc Smith then fought ten rounds at catch weights. Smith got the decision. The last bout was between Eddie Curry and Billy Whistler. The latter took the place of Tommy Dixon, who was ill. They fought twenty rounds at 122 pounds, and Curry was awarded the decision.

FISTIC CHAMPIONS.

Their Lives and Battles in the Prize Ring. Corbett, Fitzsimmons, Sullivan, Dempsey. A full illustrated. Price 25 cents each. RICHARD K. FOX, Franklin Square, New York. 149 Fleet St., London, E. C.



Harry Corbett, Popular Sporting Man and Leading Bookmaker of San Francisco, Cal.

actor-salesman-pugilist may therefore figure as one of the principals in a boxing contest. Choyinski will not return to Chicago, but will remain and assume his new duties on the first of the year. He has practically been in active training for the past decade, and a few months' rest would do him a world of good.

ETIQUETTE OF THE RING.

Charley Johnson and Sam Tonkins Exchange
Side Issue Pleasanties.

The majority of the professional boxers of the present day who are in the business solely for the money they make have, as a general thing, no ill feeling toward each other outside the ring. In this they differ from the old bare-knuckle fighters, who were generally the representative or champion of some faction or section of a city or State, and had the bitterest enmity toward each other. As an example of the latter-day boxers the recent contest between Charley Johnson and Sam Tonkins, in Philadelphia, could be cited. The men had punched each other as hard as they knew how for six rounds, and the Tonkins party were very hot over the referee's decision. After the contest the men dressed in the same room together and within a few feet of each other. There was little said for a few minutes, when, as both were being rubbed down, Tonkins exclaimed:

"I think I should have had a draw, Charley, at the worst."

"I don't think so, Sam," was the reply of the Philadelphia boxer. "I believe I had the best of it. But I don't want you to have any hard feelings against me. I'm in the business to make a living, the same as you."

"Well, it's tough, after giving you so much weight," said Tonkins.

"Sam," said Johnson, "if you can get a match in New York I'll box you at 140 pounds and guarantee to weigh in, just to give you a chance to get square."

As the men finished dressing, Charley White, Tonkins' manager, called to Sam to hurry up to catch the midnight train to New York. Tonkins grabbed his satchel with one hand and, shaking Johnson's right hand, exclaimed:

"Well, good night, old man."

"Good night, Sam, and good luck."

"Same to you, Charley," was Tonkins' remark, as he passed out of the door.

THE TWO CHAMPIONS.

Corbett and Fitzsimmons. Their lives and battles in the ring. Published separately in book form, illustrated with portraits, etc. Price by mail, 25 cents. RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher, The Fox Building, Franklin Square, New York. 149 Fleet street, London, E. C.

J. W. N., Wallingford, Conn.—Please inform me the dates of the Ryan-Sullivan and Sullivan-Corbett championship fights? 1. Feb. 7, 1892. 2. Sept. 7, 1892.

A. H. S., San Antonio, Tex.—A bet B that McKinley would get 50,000 plurality in Ohio; also, A bet B that McKinley would carry Kentucky. A wins both bets.

CONSTANT READER, New York.—A claims that Robert Fitzsimmons is an Englishman, born in Cornwall, England; B claims he was born in Australia? A wins.

R. J. G., Newrick, Ia.—A bets B that Bryan carries Kentucky; B accepts same; now the electoral vote of Kentucky is: McKinley, 12; Bryan, 1. Who wins? A wins.

SCRIBER, Piquetting, Mich.—A bets that Fitzsimmons will knock Sharkey out in ten rounds; B bets he cannot; they say nothing about a foul blow? A wins.

T. A. T., St. Paul, Minn.—Can only be answered approximately. About 2,000 pounds, which is the weight the heaviest English horse (the Suffolk Punch) will approach.

J. R., New Albany, Ind.—F bet that Bryan would carry Kentucky with the electoral vote; B bet that Bryan would carry Kentucky; nothing said about majority? B wins.

E. L. S., Pawt., R. I.—Can you kindly inform me whether Corbett and Fitzsimmons have ever fought together since Corbett won the championship from Sullivan? No.

R. L., Win City, Kansas.—A shakes a pair of fives. B bets he beats a pair of fives. B shakes a pair of fives. Who wins? A wins on the technical wording of the bet.

J. E. C., Seymour, Conn.—A bets B in a game of draw poker, after the cards have been dealt and it comes to the draw, he can shuffle them. B bets he can't? B wins.

R. P., Lost Creek, Pa.—Who was the man that ran the most miles in the first three days of any six-days' race, and what was the distance? C. Rowell, 333 miles, in 72 hours.

R. E. G., Newport, R. I.—Bet that Sharkey would be knocked out in ten rounds or less. We did not bet on who would get the decision, but just who would be knocked out? You win.

H. H. B., Brunswick, Md.—A bets that Robert Fitzsimmons fought Peter Jackson; B bets he did not? What is the price of the "Life of Fitzsimmons"? J. B wins. 2. 25 cents.

J. B. C. C., Charlestown, Va.—Did John L. Sullivan ever hold the heavyweight championship of the world? Also please tell me the Englishman that held it last? J. No. 2. Jem Mace.

E. P., Hull.—Could you tell me if Fitzsimmons got licked by Jim Hall in Australia? Hall says the affair was fixed and he "laid down" for \$75. Send 25 cents for "Life of Fitzsimmons."

J. H., Wilmington, Del.—A bets B that Fitzsimmons would knock Sharkey out in ten rounds. B claims that he wins and A claims that he wins, as Sharkey did not stay ten rounds? A wins.

I. U., New York.—Did George Dixon lose the championship when

AUSTIN'S FISTIC BUDGET.

Corbett and Fitzsimmons Nearing the Goal.

LANKY BOB READY TO SIGN.

Only a Deliberate Backdown of One Or the Other Can Prevent the Battle.

PUGILISTIC TALK AND GOSSIP.

Everything points to an early settlement of the negotiations for the big championship fight on March 17. Fitzsimmons, Corbett, Stuart and last, but not least, Julian, are all in New York, and a meeting has been arranged to take place within a few days, at which all the preliminary details will be fixed up.

Judging from the surface indications, the two fighters are terribly in earnest and it is difficult to foresee any hitch in arranging the proposed affair—nothing, in short, than a deliberate backdown on the part of one or the other of the principals. From conversations that I have had with Dan Stuart since his return from the South I am satisfied that his aim and purpose to bring the men together will be gratified so far as his individual efforts are concerned, and if any unforeseen circumstance happens to prevent it, it will be through no fault of his. His perseverance and energy have been tested and absolute confidence may be reposed in anything he promises to do. He says he has a battle-ground where the men may meet. He declines to vouchsafe any information beyond this regard to his locality, but so brimful of confidence in Stuart are the two men most directly interested that they even have declined to ask for information touching upon this essential point, being satisfied with the assurances he has given them that a battle-ground will be provided.

Everything, therefore, looks bright and promising, and from present indications the long-deferred meeting of these two celebrities will at last take place.

This is somewhat cheering, considering the columns of cheap chatter which these two have inflicted on the public during the past two years, and it is to be hoped that on and after the 17th of March 1897 the battle between these two will have become a matter of history and one of them declared champion. The actions of these two fighters since they began talking fight have disgusted a majority of sporting men, and Jim and Bob have been made aware of this fact by a lack of patronage and interest in their doings. This alone will have much to do with bringing the men together, and it is hoped the result will be emphatically decisive and may the best man win.

While Kid McCoy is deserving of congratulation for his recent victory over Bill Doherty in South Africa, it is a question whether his success will do more than gain for him the substantial reward which came to him in the long end of the "long green." McCoy's victory was an inevitable conclusion, for the reason that he outlasted any boxer at his weight anywhere in the world. From what I can learn about Doherty he would class with Dick Moore, Henry Baker and men of that grade easily outclassed by Dick O'Brien, Tommy Ryan, Billy Smith and Dan Creedon.

It took McCoy nine rounds to beat Doherty, but this is no indication that he lost any of that splendid form which he displayed when he defeated Tommy Ryan so summarily at Maspeth and later when he walloped "Mysterious Billy" Smith so hard at Boston that the latter was compelled to resort to foul tactics for the purpose of inviting police interference.

The cable tells us that Doherty was the favorite in the betting before the bout began. The clever Kid must have been up to his ticks again to fool the judges there so completely. Had he and Doherty fought in this country it is safe to say that the price would have been 11 to 5 the other way. Whatever else may be said of McCoy he knows how to fight, has a head on his shoulders and a faculty for getting the coin. He deserves success for beyond a propensity for "stringing a green un" he's a pretty good sort. The title of champion of South Africa will be a pretty heavy one to carry home.

Later advice seems to indicate, however, that he is in no hurry to return. A cable to the POLICE GAZETTE recently says that a determined effort is being made to arrange a fight between McCoy and Dan Creedon, to take place in Johannesburg some time in March. The Standard and Diggers News, the leading paper in South Africa, guarantees a three thousand pound (\$15,000) purse for a 20 round battle, and McCoy generously agrees to allow Creedon one hundred pounds (\$500) for expenses.

After the show which Peter Maher made of Steve O'Donnell at Coney Island it ought certainly follow in the order of things for him to get a chance at Tom Sharkey, but it doesn't appear as if the latter was very anxious to get before the public again after his recent experience. Overtures made to him for matches have received no response and the Irish champion officials are beginning to think the Sailor wants no part of "Paythurs" game.

A fight between these two is an event which is creating more talk now than the big championship affair. Sharkey's capacity for taking a punching has made the wise men of the game wonder whether he can stand off those stiff punches which have been effective against everybody he has met, barring Fitzsimmons.

Maher has demonstrated that he is a terrible hitter; he fights on the principle that it only takes one punch to do the trick, and he patiently waits for his opportunity. He is indisputably in the championship class and is the next logical candidate to go against the winner of the big fight. A fight between Maher and Sharkey would be a good preliminary to the next championship affair.

The order not to permit any more boxing at Coney Island rather puts a crimp in the proposed arrangement to have Kid Lavigne and McKeever meet there, and the men who paid for tickets to witness the bout in Long Island City are likely to hold their "train checks" as souvenirs for many a day.

Warren Lewis, manager of the Coney Island concern, generously offered to accept these checks on New Year's Day, when he proposed to pull off the fight at his club. It was to have been a matinee performance on the order of the recent affair in which Peter Maher and Steve O'Donnell were the central figures.

"Will President Anderson redeem the tickets he sold for the Long Island City affair?" I asked one individual who figured very prominently in the affairs of the Marlborough Athletic Club the other evening.

"I certainly think he should," was the reply.

And that's about all the ticket holders will get—a check.

The Brooklyn, N. Y., authorities who have jurisdiction over Coney Island have determined that Horton law or so Horton law they will not permit boxing to be carried on there. Over two months ago when Warren Lewis was agitating a scheme to have Corbett and Fitzsimmons meet at Coney Island, I predicted in this column that nothing would come of it, and what is more that he would do the game an incalculable amount of harm if he tried to force a precedent with any kind of a show. Mayor Wurtter has all along presented an impenetrable front to the knuckle knights, and has persistently threatened not to permit boxing to flourish.

This threat remained unheeded. The culminating point was reached on Christmas day when Maher and O'Donnell met at the clubhouse by the sea. The second move was the mayor's, and it was a strong one. Nothing less in fact than the revocation of Lewis' license and a refusal to permit any more boxing under the auspices

of the club. The revocation of the license was based on the following report of Police Inspector Clayton of the bout between Maher and O'Donnell:

"It was evident from the commencement of the bout that O'Donnell was a match for Maher, who rushed him and dealt him blows in a vicious and savage manner, apparently eager to inflict severe punishment and to knock out O'Donnell as soon as possible. In fact, Maher is quoted as saying after the contest that when he found he could land his blows so easily he finished the affair as quickly as possible.

"I am informed that it was promised by the management that the announcer would state that the contest would be for scientific points only, that it would last twenty rounds, and that there would be no slugging or knockouts. Such announcement was not made, and, instead of a contest for scientific points, it appeared rather like a test to determine which man could hit the harder, a knockout in the shortest possible time being the result desired.

Lack of consistency seems to characterize the actions of the Brooklyn authorities in handling Coney Island affairs. During the summer season the place is a veritable cesspool of crime. Every known form of vice flourishes there under the espionage of the police, and beyond an occasional raid, organized for the purpose of making a show of suppressing the most flagrant evils, no interference is attempted. Yet the orderly gathering of a few sporting men to witness an event properly conducted with every regard for the provisions of a law which provides the needful restrictions for eliminating any disgraceful or brutal features, seems to be sufficient for the authorities to interfere with their enjoyment. There is something radically wrong somewhere.

Denver Ed Smith, looking not as big as when

I last saw him, but decidedly more healthy, gave me a call the other day after his arrival from the gold country. His attire was faultless, and from his conversation I should judge that, despite his defeat by Goddard, his trip was financially profitable.

"There's plenty of gold there," he said, "and I brought my part home, juggling a handful of English sovereigns in his trousers pocket. I left the uncut diamonds and pigeon-blood rubies for McCoy to bring home.

"Yes, I'm looking for trouble, and I'll take on any of the big fellows now."

Tom O'Rourke, who happened to be sitting at his elbow, made him a proposition at once to meet Joe Chynski "on Broadway," and after some little talk a sort of an arrangement was fixed up which promises to develop into a match.

Smith says he was anything but well when he fought Goddard, and claims that even at that it would have been hard to pick a winner up to the time the Barrier giant crossed him with the punch that knocked him out. He says he and Goddard are matched to



Francois Maggioli, One of the Most Accomplished Billiard Players of the Profession.

fight again in April, and he would like the latter to come here this time.

He speaks very well of the people he met in the "Gold Country," and sends kind remembrances to them all.

Tommy Ryan is the busiest thing in the pugilistic line that I know of nowadays. He has found the graft good in the big cities in the upper part of New York State and gravitates between Syracuse, Rochester, Buffalo and Toronto, picking up on an average about two fights a week. He selects his own "marks," and it is needless to say that they are stiff of the most pronounced type. Once in a while he catches a tartar like Australian Billy McCarthy who almost knocked him out recently, and then it is not so easy. Ryan still pretends to be eager for another match with McCoy, but as there is 6,000 miles of blue water between them there is some doubt about his sincerity on this point especially in view of the fact that he was not so persistent before McCoy went away. Ryan suggests that a finish fight between himself and Mysterious Billy Smith would induce many to journey to Mexico to see the Corbett Fitzsimmons battle who would not otherwise go and so it might, but the plain truth of the matter is that after five or six meetings, without a decisive result, the people who follow the ring cannot brush away the suspicions of a fake which gleam like the ray of moths in the summer sunlight, when this pair comes together.

Parson Davies will make a determined effort to get a match for his colored protégé, Bob Armstrong, at Dan Stuart's Mexican carnival. He has posted \$1,000 forfeit to match him against any man in the world, and will have a conference with Dan Stuart in a day or two with reference to securing an opponent for him. He does not bar Peter Maher, Steve O'Donnell or Sharkey, and prefers the latter. Davies has taken quite a stand on the race question, and believes that if there is to be a class distinction between pugilists there should be a championship match to decide who is entitled to the distinction of being the colored champion. He thinks a match between Armstrong and Peter Jackson would draw very well in view of the fact that he has received letters from England which tend to confirm the belief that the stories about Jackson have been grossly exaggerated. He will write to John Fleming, manager of the National Sporting Club, of London, with a view to securing a purse for Jackson and Armstrong to meet there some time in February if Stuart does not offer a purse.

SAM AUSTIN.

SPORTS' BOOK OF REFERENCE.

The "Police Gazette Sporting Annual" for 1897 gives records in every branch of sport. Now ready. Price 25 cents. All newsdealers or from this office. Richard K. Fox, Publisher, Franklin Square, New York. 149 Fleet Street, London, E. C.

EXTRA!

FITZ LANDS IN NEW YORK AND SIGNS TO MEET CORBETT.

The Big Match Now Assured---He Talks About His Late Fight With Sailor Sharkey in 'Frisco.

NO CHANGE IN THE ARTICLES OF AGREEMENT.

Both Men Will Start Training at Once---Agrees With Corbett That the Stake Should Be \$10,000 a Side.

STUART GUARANTEES TO PULL OFF THE MATCH WITHOUT INTERFERENCE.

Bob Fitzsimmons arrived in New York from California last Thursday and took up quarters at the Barcholdi Hotel. Immediately upon his arrival he went to see a surgeon about an injury to the first knuckle of his right hand, due to Sharkey's hard head, and was received in the first blow which struck the Sailor. The knuckle is badly swollen and is very painful.

"I shall have the hand attended to twice a week," he said, "and the doctor believes it will be all right in about a month. I am also sore all about my body and shoulder, too, through falling out of my

calling for a contest for a \$15,000 purse and side bet of \$10,000 a side, received the signature of the big Australian.

The contest will take place on St. Patrick's day next, on ground elected by Dan Stuart, which will probably be in Mexico. Both Corbett and Fitzsimmons will begin active training at once for the contest which, Stuart says, will take place on the day set without any interference.

SMALL FISTIC TALK.

Boxing club men are hoping that Kid McCoy will stick to his determination to fight Dan Creedon in this country.

Louis Guillebeau, a 125-pound boxer of New Orleans, is coming North to meet some of the cracks at that weight.

The sporting men of Missouri will make an effort to have a bill similar to the Horton law passed by the Legislature of that State.

It is extremely doubtful, great and wonderful as is his career as manager, if Billy Madden will get the chance to star Peter Maher again.

Tom King, the English boxer, who died in '88, left a fortune of \$272,500. He was first a dock hand, then a boxer and later a bookmaker.

Paddy Furtell, the Kansas City welterweight, is now in New York city, and is anxious to meet any man of his weight in America, Walcott or West preferred.

"Did you see the fight, Jim?" asked a seedy-looking sport of Jim Wakely coming up from Coney Island on Christmas day.

"What fight?" asked Wakely.

"Why, the one between Maher and O'Donnell."

"That wasn't a fight," was the retort. "It takes two men to make a fight. O'Donnell didn't fight; he simply got fought."

VISITORS TO THE "POLICE GAZETTE" BUILDING.

Jem Mace, retired champion pugilist of England; Lew Morris, well-known English sport; Harry Webb, Jem Mace's manager; Wallace Ross, ex-champion carman; P. J. Ring, Mount Vernon, champion wrestler; Mr. Chas. J. McKee, Publisher; Mr. W. Carey, Excelsior Publishing Co.; Mr. R. Durrant, of Howe & Hummel, Lawyers; Mr. Gensinger, manager Bohemian Athletic Club. Denver Ed Smith, who recently fought Joe Goddard in South Africa; Sammy Kelly, who is matched to fight Billy Plimmer; Tom O'Rourke, matchmaker of Broadway A. C.; Jack Herrman, Billy O'Donnell, of Memphis, Tenn.; Harry Webb, Kid McPartland, Florrie Barnett, Eddie Curry, Eddie Pearce, Frank P. Slavin, Johnny White and Lem Wager, of the Manhattan A. C., or Troy, N. Y.; Johnny Dunn, of the Greater New York A. C.; Mike Leonard, the Beau Brummel of pugilism; Jack Ward, of Newark, N. J., who recently defeated Jimmy Anthony in San Francisco; Joe Little, of Oceanside, N. J.; Frank Stadelberger, Sammy Kelly's backer; John Dougherty, manager of Kid McPartland; Geo. Gonzales, Casper and Benny Leon, Dolly Lyons, Belle Gordon, champion female bag puncher; Australian Billy McCarthy Paddy Gorman and Charley Meyers, of Albany.

KELLY AND BARRY MATCHED.

One of the best matches arranged to take place in New York this winter will be between Sammy Kelly and Jimmy Barry, to take place at the Broadway Athletic Club on Jan. 30. The lads have agreed to weigh 115 pounds at 4 o'clock, and they will box twenty rounds. Barry is the recognized bantam champion of America, but he has grown too big to make the 105 pound limit, and at the weight agreed upon with Kelly they will come together at pretty near even weights, with what slight advantage there may be in the latter's favor.

Kelly is now matched to fight Billy Plimmer at Birmingham, England, on March 9, for a \$2,500 purse and a stake of \$1,000 a side. The POLICE GAZETTE called his second deposit of \$250 over for him on Thursday last to be deposited on Jan. 4. He will sail for England on the day after his meeting with Barry.

FRANCOIS MAGGIOLI.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Although he has been before the public as a billiard player for the last twenty years, Francois Maggioli says it is only within the last few weeks that he thought deeply about the game or studied it to any great extent. Few of his many admirers will know him by his full name, for he is always known as "Maggie," or simply Frank. Since he came to be looked upon as one of the leading second-class experts of the day Maggioli has played in many memorable contests on the green cloth. In 1886 he defeated Captain John Miller for the championship of the South by a score of 300 to 241. In the big shortstop tournament given in St. Louis in 1887 he won fourth prize, the contestants being such players as Carter, Gallagher, Catton, Hailer, Matthews, Moulds, Thatcher and several others. Then he came to Chicago and competed in a shortstop tournament against many of the same men. Frank was then in the shortstop class. Maggioli and Moulds tied for fourth money. In January, seven years ago, he defeated Hailer for the Western championship and a stake of \$500. Maggioli won by a score of 500 to 327, with an average of over 9. The same year Maggioli was matched to play Ties for \$250 a side and defeated him by a score of 500 to 440. His average was much higher then, over 15, and he made a high run of 121. He is exceptionally graceful at the table and is far more brilliant in his work than any of the other experts, and his only fault is a tendency to oversteer the cue at times.

A RELIABLE REFEREE.

"The Police Gazette Standard Book of Rules," which governs sport in all its branches. A complete, reliable and authentic guide in settling disputes in any and all branches of sports. Every sporting man should have this book. Price by mail 25 cents. RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher, Franklin Square, New York. 149 Fleet Street, London, E. C.

[SPECIAL TO THE POLICE GAZETTE.]

JERSEY CITY, Jan. 4, 1897.

Bob Fitzsimmons appended his signature to articles this afternoon for his match with Champion Corbett. Dan Stuart, the Texas promoter of the contest, Fitzsimmons, Martin Julian, his manager, Sam Austin, sporting editor, and James McKeever, manager of the POLICE GAZETTE, met in Taylor's Hotel shortly after noon. Contrary to expectation of the sports, nothing occurred in the way of a hitch in arranging matters. The articles signed by Corbett,



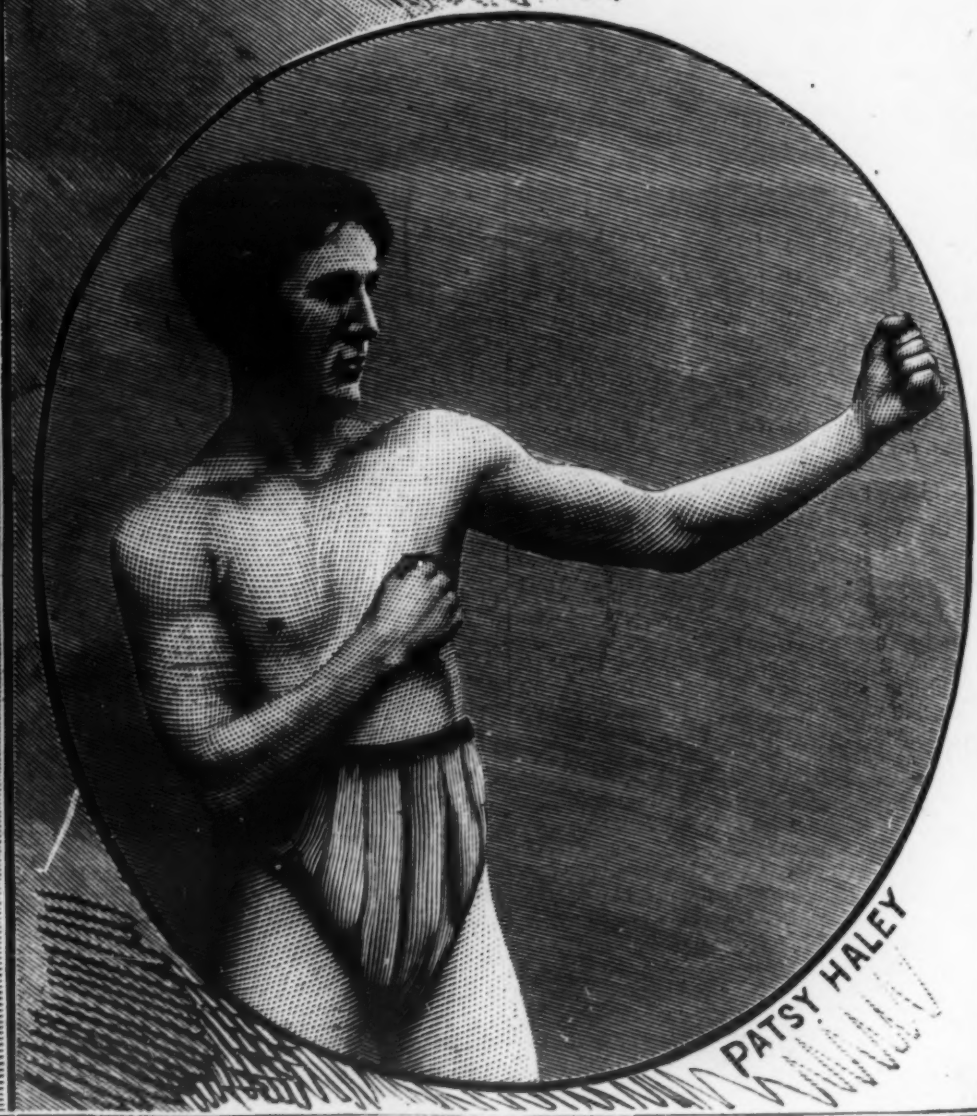
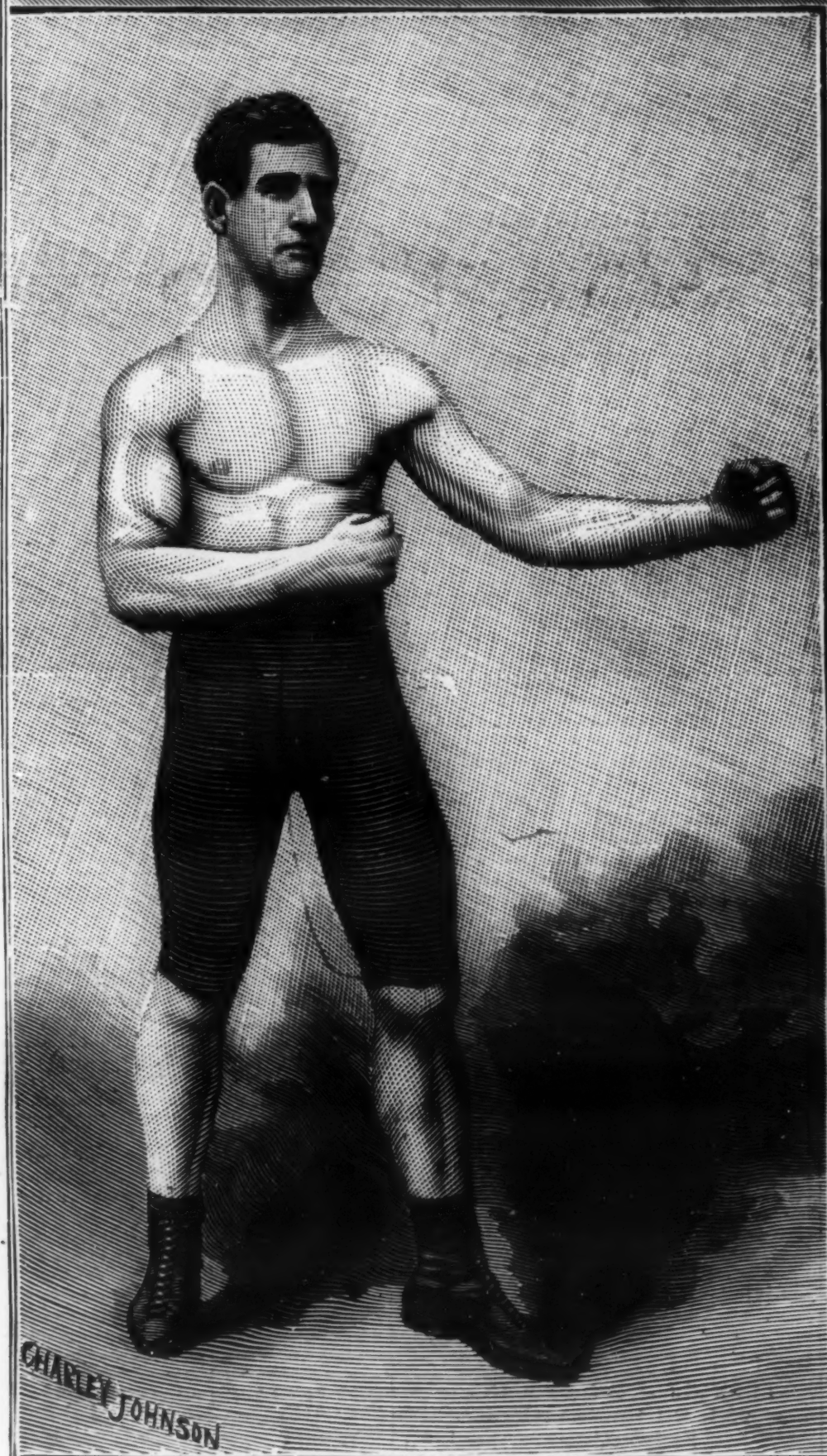
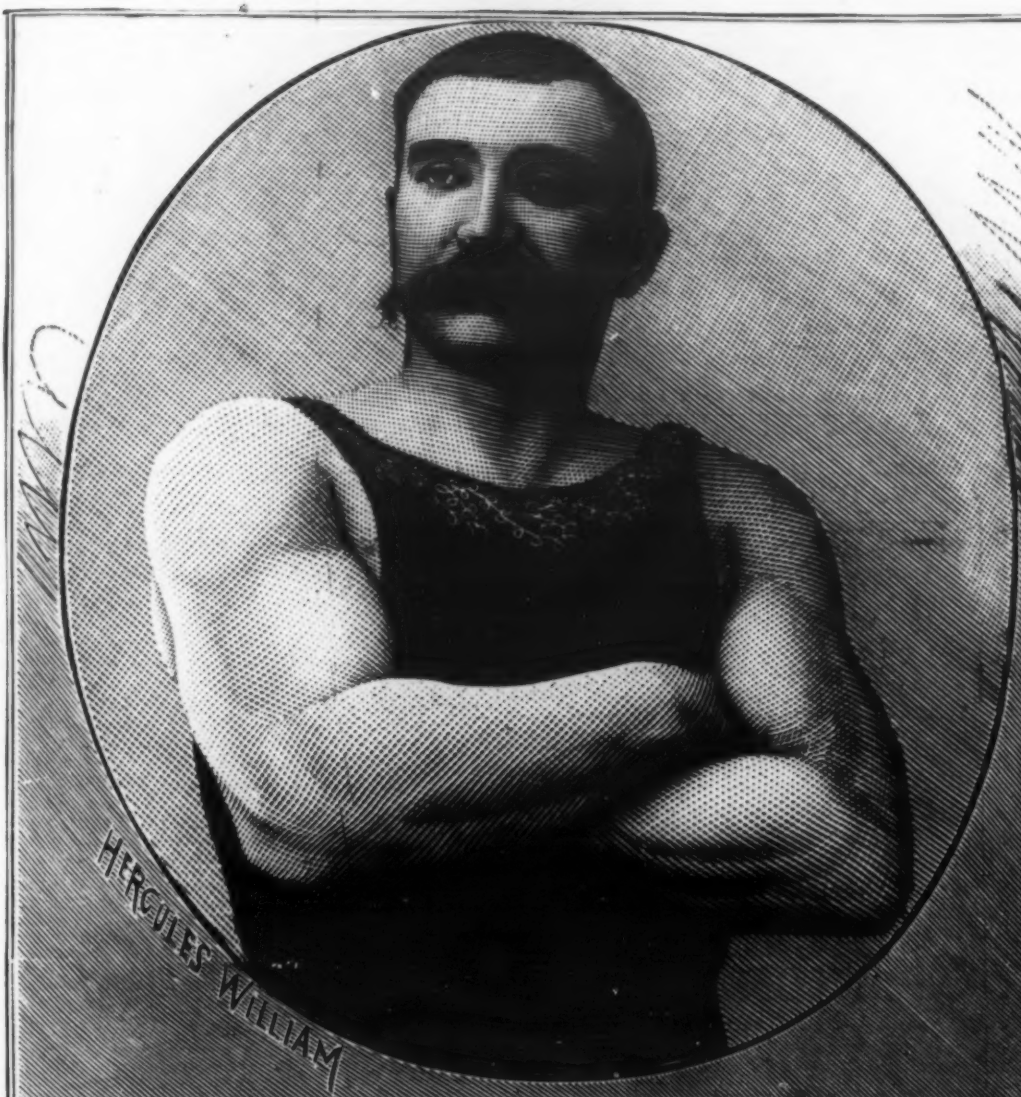
PHOTOGRAPHED AS HE DIED.

A WELL-KNOWN PHOTOGRAPHER OF ALBANY, VT., SUCCESSFULLY TAKES A PICTURE OF HIS OWN SUICIDE.



CHASED OUT OF A WINDOW.

A SIXTEEN-YEAR-OLD GIRL OF FRUITVALE, CAL., JUMPS FROM A WINDOW TO ESCAPE FROM A THIEF



OUR GALLERY OF SPORTING CELEBRITIES.
CHAMPION STRONG-MEN, SKATERS AND BOXERS ALL WIN A PLACE IN THE "POLICE
GAZETTE." BOOK OF FAME.

OUR FAMOUS TONSORIALISTS

William McNamara, Who Has a Shop at
146 Dwight St., Holyoke, Mass.



The subject of this sketch is one of the few hustlers in the business. He is good looking, unmarried and has a good business. The people of Holyoke like novelties and he proposes to give them something new. He wants a lady barber and he is negotiating with several aspirants for the place at the present time, but is willing to hear from any wide-awake young woman who can handle a razor and who wants a gilt-edged piece. He has the finest shop in town and the best trade. Mr. McNamara has been in business in Holyoke for fourteen years and he is so popular that when he is on the street in the morning the horses nod to him. He is well known by everyone and the young woman who gets a place in his shop will get a prize.

"IT IS THE BEST."

RICHARD K. FOX—Dear Sir: During ten years spent in Australia I read your NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE and I consider it second to none as a sporting paper. I am surprised to find you have no agents for it in the United Kingdom.

Very truly yours,

W. H. BRADISH,
Strandfield, Wexford, Ireland.

WHAT A VERA CRUZ READER SAYS.

VERA CRUZ, Dec. 21, 1896.

MR. RICHARD K. FOX—Dear Sir: I should like you to know how much your paper is appreciated here. When I take it home from the postoffice I have to take it to at least six places and translate it, because most of my friends do not speak English, and every one admires it very much.

Now sir, I am a hotel keeper, and keep a bar. I have a three-months' subscription which expires in January and is going to be renewed. Lately I have had many American guests, and I do not remember well how to mix American drinks. I think from what you say that I am entitled to a "Bartender's Guide." If so, I will be very much obliged if you will send it to me. My address is now, Senor Alejandro Velas, Hotel Cosmopolita, Calle de la Playa 19, Vera Cruz, Mexico. My paper now goes to Alvarado, where I was working, but it does not come regularly. In fact, this week it has not come at all. I believe the Alvarado people take it out of the wrapper to read. I do not blame you at all. Very truly yours,

ALEJANDRO VELAS.

P. S.—Would it not be better if Mr. Tichy, the Chicago barber, would make a match to show what he can do, instead of letting his friends and enemies write so much about him?

Mr. James Burns, 350 Columbus avenue, New York city, writes on Dec. 29, 1896: "Business from the POLICE GAZETTE is always good."

Messrs. Geo. H. Gies & Co., 88 Court street, Boston, write on Dec. 28, 1896, as follows: "We are well satisfied with the results from our advertisements in the POLICE GAZETTE."

POPULAR BARTENDER'S CONTEST.

How the Vote For the Most Popular Drink Dispenser Stands.

	VOTES.
F. P. Parisano, 297 Mott St., N. Y. city.....	4012
T. Naohoff, 506 DeKalb Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.....	190
Louis Halst, 76 Jefferson St., New York.....	162
Max Ewald, 813 Broadway, Brooklyn, N. Y.....	115
Billy Allen, 320 Walnut St., Des Moines, Ia.....	90
B. Allen, 320 Walnut St., Des Moines, Ia.....	68
J. J. Hobbs, 232 Eaton St., Peoria, Ill.....	63
Charles Vanzant, Mount Holly, N. J.....	40
W. A. Schryver, Hotel De Gray, Chicopee Falls, Mass.....	32
Louis E. Cohen, Tallahassee, Fla.....	29
J. F. Esch, 155 N. First St., Lehigh, Pa.....	28
Henry Berger, 14 Second Ave., Albany, N. Y.....	22
D. W. McMenam, 93 Wythe Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.....	18
Buff Schultz, 841 Teutonia St., Milwaukee, Wis.....	15
Fred. Schneider, Newark, N. J.....	15
Chas. Vanzant, Mt. Holly, N. J.....	14
Michael Clark, 158 E. 23rd St., New York.....	14
Jackson Matthews, 4th & Poplar Sts., Phila., Pa.....	14
F. Richards, Prairie du Chien, Wis.....	13
B. Jetz, Pittsby, Mich.....	12
P. McGuire, 1242 Second Ave., N. Y. city.....	12
Jack Schultz, 784 12th St., Chicago, Ill.....	11
John Cahill, Esq., 28 Park Place, N. Y. city.....	11
John McMahon, 620 Second Ave., New York.....	11
D. Vanderhoff, B'dway & Graham Av., B'klyn, N. Y.....	11
M. Schoenmann, Guttenberg, N. J.....	10
Ed. Williams, 293 Manor St., Brooklyn, N. Y.....	10
Frank Featherston, Matteawan, N. Y.....	9
Fred. Hous, 475 Ninth Ave., New York.....	9
M. Higgins, 96 Hudson St., Jersey City, N. J.....	9
Louis Salvato, 141 Mott St., N. Y. city.....	8
J. Collins, Rathbun House, Elmira, N. Y.....	8

Sam Millazzo, 123 W. Broad St., Texarkana.....	8
J. J. Cumelly, 158 Front Ave., Buffalo, N. Y.....	8
Conney Wesser, Roseland Club House, Poughkeeps, Va.....	8
Fred. Shaffer, 567 Morgan St., Chicago, Ill.....	7
Adolph Henry, Security Building, Chicago, Ill.....	7
Edward Hansen, 445 Falls Ave., Jersey City.....	7
C. Frank, Mt. Pleasant Hotel, Schenectady, N. Y.....	7
F. Otch, Mien St., Branford, Conn.....	6
A. A. Geiger, 1023 Main St., Clyde, O.....	6
A. Helms, Fairfield, A. A. County, Md.....	6
Sam Way, Stanley, Wis.....	6
Fred. Pepper, Milford, Conn.....	5
Walter L. Whitney, Oneida, N. Y.....	5
W. A. Kelly, Esq., Shreveport, La.....	5
Edna Glover, St. Cloud Hotel, New York.....	5
A. G. Millard, Walters' Hotel, Cairo, N. Y.....	5
Tom Osborn, 222 State St., Provo City, Utah.....	5
Godfrey Herald, 170 3rd Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.....	5
Fred. Elsie, Harness Cafe, Broadway, New York.....	5
George Mealey, Cushman, N. Y.....	4
Geo. Frank, 331 Bowers, N. Y. city.....	4
Henry Berger, 14th Ave., Albany, N. Y.....	4
Otto Kautz, 136 River St., Paterson, N. J.....	4
H. Wellat, 1045 Third Ave., N. Y. city.....	4
Tim Cushman, 4 C St., Louisville, Ky.....	4
Owen Hart, 158 Hudson St., Newark, N. J.....	4
Adolph White, 23 Passaic St., Paterson, N. J.....	4
F. Deutsche, 336 Market St., Williamsport, Pa.....	4
William Mecke, 438 Columbus Ave., New York.....	4
Ed. Ballard, West Baden, Ind.....	3
Chas. B. Shirk, Palace Hotel, Lebanon, Pa.....	3
Henry Aaron, 516 Wade St., Cincinnati, O.....	3
Sam Brodie, Brooklyn Music Hall, E. N. Y.....	3
Ed. Shumann, 37 Grand St., Brooklyn, N. Y.....	3
W. Bekkers, Two Brothers Saloon, Dallas, Tex.....	3
L. Coggins, 615 Liberty Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.....	3
Tim O. Day, Cor. 10th & Berks Sts., Phila., Pa.....	3
Jos. Slama, 16th & Williams Sts., Omaha, Neb.....	3
Jos. Sturm, Plainkinton Hotel, Milwaukee, Wis.....	3
H. Kluhsmeier, Crosby and Bleeker Sts., N. Y.....	3
F. W. Langham, 8 N. Fremont St., Baltimore, Md.....	3
M. J. Corcoran, 572 Central Ave., Newark, N. J.....	3
T. C. White, 138 W. Market St., N. Scranton, Pa.....	3
D. Stuart, New Durham, N. J.....	2
W. J. Carroll, Elizabeth, N. J.....	2
Geo. Howard, Lock Haven, Pa.....	2
Thomas Felsy, New Brighton, S. I.....	2
R. C. Tietgen, 1204 Halsey St., Brooklyn, N. Y.....	2
Walter L. Gibbs, Hoffman House, Richmond, Va.....	2
L. Hovgander, Hooper, Neb.....	2
V. Carrol Hooper, Phoebe, Va.....	1
Daniel B. Haley, Burlington, Vt.....	1
Col. Sam Blair, Breckenridge, Col.....	1
Kimball, Tupper Claremont, N. H.....	1
J. Laurlander, New Brighton, S. I.....	1
Chas. Friedrichsen, Bunker Hill, Ill.....	1
William E. Dorgan, Taunton, Mass.....	1
J. Fleming, 86 W. 18th St., Chicago.....	1
Ed. Stuck, 1212 W. 3rd St., Dayton, O.....	1
Ed. Aman, Crystal Palace, Racine, Wis.....	1
Dan Carroll, St. Cloud Hotel, New York.....	1
Ed. Elmstrom, Kelo, Trall Co., N. Dak.....	1
Edmond De Zetter, Budapest, Hungary.....	1
Louis J. Best, 362 10th Ave., New York.....	1
J. Comisford, 73 Giesell St., Freeport, Ill.....	1
James Marsh, St. Cloud Hotel, New York.....	1
J. Kallenbach, Palace Saloon, Hooper, Neb.....	1
Banty Winters, 90 E. Brown St., Dayton, O.....	1
Toney Murphy, Brower House, N. Y. city.....	1
A. K. Kimball, Dyberry House, Dyberry, Pa.....	1
Thomas Smader, 331 Main St., Racine, Wis.....	1
Bob Lott, of "The Corner," Breckenridge, Col.....	1
B. Rodigan, Nugget Saloon, Breckenridge, Col.....	1
Wm. Stigner, Denver House, Breckenridge, Col.....	1
A. Deles, 1701 American St., Philadelphia, Pa.....	1
Bernard Phillip, 100 4th St., Santa Monica, Cal.....	1
Miss Lily Lester, Mohrbrook, Dutchess Co., N. Y.....	1
Joseph P. Murray, Marlborough Hotel, New York.....	1

The winner of the Bartenders' Contest will be announced next week.

ONE HONEST MAN.

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